

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Vol. XIV.—No. 2.
Copyright, 1894, by PETER FENELON COLLIER.
All rights reserved.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

TERMS—\$6.50 PER YEAR,
Including Premium Volumes and 20
Bound Novels. [See page 5.]



THE LATE DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
"THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE."

ONCE A WEEK

521-547 West Thirtieth Street,
518-524 West Fourteenth Street,
NEW YORK CITY

TERMS:

ONCE A WEEK, one year, twenty-six paper-covered books (New Novels, and choice of any set of premium books, including works of Irving, Balzac, Human Comedy, William Carleton, or "Capitaine Corcoran," a superb centre-table volume, marbled edges and profusely illustrated. . . . \$6.50
In Canada, British Columbia and Manitoba (including freight and duty on premium books) . . . \$7.50

ONCE A WEEK, exclusive of twenty-six paper-covered volumes of Library and the premium books, per year, in United States and Canada. . . . \$2.50

In Canada, ONCE A WEEK and Semi-Monthly Library, exclusive of Premium Volumes . . . \$6.00

ONCE A WEEK Library, without the newspaper, twenty-six volumes per year . . . \$2.50
In Canada . . . \$3.00

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers' names will be removed from our mail list at the expiration of their subscription, unless they have previously notified us of their desire to renew for another year.

Subscribers will please take notice that one to three weeks must necessarily elapse—dependent upon the distance from New York—from the date of subscription until they receive the first paper sent by mail. The reason is obvious. A subscriber's name is forwarded to the branch office, thence to the head office in New York. At the head office it is registered, and then duly mailed.

Should ONCE A WEEK fail to reach a subscriber weekly, notice should be sent to the publication office, ONCE A WEEK Building, No. 521 West 13th Street, New York, when the complaint will be thoroughly investigated. This can be readily done by sending a "tracer" through the post-office. The number of the paper and the number on the wrapper should be given.

PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 521 West 13th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "ONCE A WEEK."

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the announcement in ONCE A WEEK.

25¢ The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Will the world ever see a united Christian church?

ARE the forces of Christendom ever to unite in a solid phalanx, and enter upon an active campaign against the religions of the non-Christian nations of the world?

THEY have discussed these questions in England for many years, and will continue to discuss them with increasing interest, for there the trend of popular opinion is all in the direction of unity, if not of union. But recently a high dignitary of the Catholic Church, Cardinal Vaughan, was impelled to take up the subject and make a pronouncement upon it. Leading men of the Church of England and of the Nonconformist bodies have already had their say; so that with the entry of a representative of the Catholic Church into the arena of discussion the matter may be said to be fairly under way, and likely soon to show definite results.

A WISE distinction has been made in England between unity and union—a distinction which may well be observed here if the question is actively raised, as there is every indication it will be. One party, the more hot-headed and eager, says, "Come, let us fight together under one banner"; the other, cautious and conservative, cries, "Each under his own banner, but in concert and against the common foe."

BUT little reflection should be sufficient to show how inadequate must be any reasonable proposition for the reunion of Christendom. Granted that it were possible to unite all Protestant Churches, who would be bold enough to suggest a basis of reunion with Catholicism? Moderate as Cardinal Vaughan's speech at Preston was, and well-meaning in its endeavor to show a way to reunion, it contained this sentence: "She" (the Church) "cannot accept reunion, or communion, were it to unite the whole human race, on condition of change or modification or compromise in her own divine constitution, as drawn up by her divine founder." In a word, that sentence meant submission—acquiescence on the part of Protestants in many things they, or their fathers, protested against. Is such a wholesale version of millions possible?

UNION is a dream, but unity is a reality. There are thousands of Christians of all shades of belief, and professing every variety of creed, who are to-day at one on all the essentials of faith. They heartily acknowledge that others have an equal opportunity to gain that life Eternal which is the hope of every man. But they cannot and will not let go the traditions and practice of their fathers, and accept any other form of worship, either more ornate or more simple than their own. All natures are not laid down upon the same lines. To one, spiritual consolation and uplifting come while devoutly kneeling in the sombre and awesome silence of a great Cathedral; to another in the surging excitement of a

Salvation Army meeting. Out in the busy world the one will aid the other in all good works and rejoice in his efforts to better mankind and help his fellow-creatures on to a participation in that same Eternal Joy. And this is the true unity that is gaining ground every day. Episcopal clergymen may take vows of celibacy and don strange garments, and the Church of England passes not into union with the Catholic Church; but Cardinal Manning goes down to the river-side wharves at the time of the great London dock strike and encourages the laborer in his just fight against oppression, and Nonconformist pulpits in East London, whose pastors are engaged in the same struggle, ring with his praises. That is the true unity that is to come; but not yet a while, since, though the best theological minds are discussing the problem gravely, in other quarters bigotry and intolerance were never more rampant than now.

OF course Senator David Bennett Hill accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York. He could do nothing else under the peculiar conditions without ruin to himself and ruin to his party.

BUT the odds are heavily against him. Bets posted from Maine to California prove that. It is an off year anyhow for the Democracy, but it is a little more off than common in the Empire State, where chance has strewn Senator Hill's path with obstacles. First, there was Judge Gaynor's declination to allow his name to remain on the ticket as candidate for the Court of Appeals. It would have been a tower of strength, owing to his clean record and liberal views. Apropos of liberal views, I have been told by prominent Single Taxers that Judge Gaynor is an ardent disciple of Henry George. His very tardiness in declining to run added additional injury to the Hill forces. And, after all, his letter was a weak affair. True, he declined orally in good season, but his declination was not sufficiently positive.

IT is said on good authority that the vacancy caused by the withdrawal of William J. Gaynor was offered successively to eight different lawyers in New York City and Brooklyn, before Charles Frank Brown of Orange County was made the recipient. He is fifty years old, the same age as Congressman Daniel N. Lockwood and a year younger than Senator Hill. He was born in Orange County, and became District Attorney there in 1875. Since then he has been County Judge, Judge of the Supreme Bench and Judge of the Court of Appeals. He was appointed to the last position by Senator Hill, and retained it until two years ago.

A PLEASANT incident for the State Democracy to consider amid many disagreeable ones is the ready support of ex-Secretary William C. Whitney. As the action of a consistent Democrat, this may be deemed too natural for comment. But as the intimate friend of President Cleveland, a prominent anti-snapper and a man who, like Judge Gaynor, positively declined to consider the gubernatorial nomination for himself, his earnest advocacy was not counted on exactly as a certainty. In this connection President Cleveland's recent mandate forbidding all Administration Democrats to take part in the campaign must not be forgotten. Of course, Cleveland's order is meant for the whole country, and it is merely a strange coincidence that it happens to hit David Bennett Hill. Whitney's cheering words, and his appeal to the party to close up ranks and forget personal differences, acted as a balm to the bruise inflicted by the President.

BUT the ex-Secretary's appealing letter had no effect on Edward M. Shepard's Independent Democrats. Without making any unnecessary noise about it, they came together, indorsed Messrs. Lockwood and Brown and nominated Everett P. Wheeler as head of the ticket in Hill's place. It is not probable that Mr. Wheeler can be elected, but he is bound to get many votes and is not by any means the least of the obstacles in Senator Hill's stony path. He has spent his fifty-four years in New York City, where he has a fine law practice, and has been prominently identified with civil service reform. He was one of the organizers of the State Democracy and is a pronounced free trader.

THE anti-Tammany sentiment in the city will throw a powerful influence against the entire Democratic ticket. The bold police bribes, assaults and wholesale intimidation, the presence of highwaymen in New York's thoroughfares, the undoubted taint of corruption that attaches even to the city judiciary, will be visited on the head of Tammany next month. Whether the great Tiger will survive the blow or not remains to be seen.

MEANWHILE the Republicans are pursuing an aggressive campaign with perfect faith as to the result. The Republican who is not absolutely certain that ex-Vice-President Levi P. Morton will be the next Governor of New York has not yet appeared on the scene. And it does look now like a sure thing for the esteemed Republican candidate, against whom nothing damaging can be urged. Yet I mind me of the fallibility of political prognostications. The favorite is not always the winner.

THE most uncertain quantity in the political mixture is the municipal election. It's anybody's game in Gotham. The State Democracy have indorsed most of the nominees of the Committee of Seventy, and the ticket is somewhat mottled as to political complexion. Colonel William L. Strong, the Mayoralty candidate, is a Republican, but he represents the reform element, and since the Grace faction of the Democracy has indorsed him, his backers predict that every anti-Tammany man will fall into line under the Strong banner. Parkhurst favors him, and that will go a long way; but then Nathan Strauss, the Tammany nominee, is a strong opponent and enjoys the love and respect of the people.

YESTERDAY was the thirtieth anniversary of the battle of Cedar Creek, in which Sheridan made his famous ride.

THE Parkhurst movement has already become more than a local one. It is in emulation of the great reformer's splendid crusade that the law-abiding citizens of Chicago are making such a vigorous fight against the deep-rooted gambling element there. But that is child's play compared to the herculean task of cleansing Gotham's corrupt Police Department. There is no doubt that the bribery and intimidation are going on, though to a lesser extent, even now during the investigations of the Lexow Committee.

THE latest war-cloud of interest to the United States is hovering over the island of Madagascar, the third largest in the world and located off the southeastern coast of Africa. The interest of this country is due to an important trade with the Malagasy. They import large quantities of cotton sheetings, calico prints, striped cloth, crockery, rum, shoes, salt and hardware. They like the Americans and give us the bulk of their custom, so that our merchants have something to lose and nothing to gain by a Franco-Madagascan war.

IT goes without saying that without outside interference the French would thrash the Malagasy with even more ease and expedition than the Japs are now castigating the unwieldy forces of the Flowery Kingdom. But interference will be forthcoming, so quickly too, in all probability, as to nip hostilities in the very bud. John Bull will be the peacemaker, for John Bull's interests are more nearly concerned than Uncle Sam's, and unlike the latter, he has no fixed policy of non-interference. England has some trade with Madagascar, but what is more to the point, the possession of the island by a European Power would give the possessor a tremendous naval advantage in the East; and, bearing this in mind, it is safe to predict that Great Britain will act the part of protector toward Madagascar. Meantime, a word about the great island that so many of us know so little about.

MADAGASCAR is over a thousand miles long and three hundred and fifty miles wide at the centre. Its rivers are for the most part unnavigable for any distance, except for pirogues; but its harbors are excellent, and as a naval station it could scarcely be improved. The population is about four and a half million, and probably represents an admixture of Malay, Polynesian, Arabian and Negro blood. The complexion varies from black to olive. The Hovas are the dominant tribe, the lightest in color and shortest in stature. Their hereditary enemies, the Sakalavas, are the blackest and largest. The Hova Queen, Ranalavona, is the nominal ruler of the island, but the real ruler is her aged husband and Prime Minister, Rainilaiarivony.

RICE is the staff of life in Madagascar. Parboiled locusts are an important article of diet, and the silk worm chrysalis is considered a delicacy in some provinces. Tananarivo, the capital, is a prohibition city, but in other parts of the island toaka is drunk as a luxury. No drunkenness is seen, except in the seaport towns frequented by foreigners. Though ice forms on the highest mountains, it never snows in Madagascar. The Malagasy raise tobacco, but use it only for snuff, while they smoke rongona (native hemp) in reed pipes. They have many strange customs, but I have not space to dwell further on them this week. On another page will be found some interesting Madagascan pictures.

POLICEMEN are seen in pairs as often as singly, and it is exceptional to find them walking. They generally select a convenient corner near a saloon and spend most of their time in that congenial vicinity. Why! it is notorious that nearly all the men who have been on the force for any length of time are so grossly fat as to excite the wonder of visitors. Obesity does not come from exercise or hard work. See that the regulations of your department are enforced, Superintendent Byrnes. See that your men do their duty. Under a competent Superintendent, the same number of policemen (not the same policemen, mind you) would be found amply adequate to protect New York thoroughly.

ANDREW G. CURTIN, Pennsylvania's War Governor and Congressman, died at Bellefonte, Pa., last week. He was sixty-seven years old, and was born in the place where he died.

Now comes Superintendent Byrnes with a cry for a thousand more policemen to protect the uptown precincts. Goodness knows what New York would do if it had to support another thousand of these blue-coated gentry who grow rich so suddenly on the police force. If Superintendent Byrnes—who, by the bye, has accumulated a snug little fortune of half a million in the last decade—is really in earnest about wishing to protect New York's citizens, let him enforce the regulation forbidding policemen to spend their time in pairs on street corners.

THE value of land in Boston has increased over forty per cent in the last eight years.

THERE are more than two thousand female physicians in the United States, a third of the number being specialists.

It costs forty million dollars a year to run the Government of New York City. If conducted on business principles, at least a fourth of this sum would be saved the overburdened taxpayers.

LONDON is puzzling its brains to find out the meaning of David Christie Murray's last theatrical novel, "The Rising Star." From the bitter, sarcastic tone of the book it appears to be thinly veiled experiences. Who can the Duke of Belsie, an amorous personage of uncertain honor, described as a "sensuist retired from business," be? Also, who is the original of the venial critic, Harry Mayhill, who finds the broad road leading to destruction more suitable to his gait? Some interesting revelations seem impending.

It is no small compliment to a novel for London to puzzle its brains about it. The fact speaks volumes for the author. "The Rising Star" was published in ONCE A WEEK Library September 22 and October 6.

GENERAL BOOTH of the Salvation Army is making an inspection tour of posts in the United States and Canada. He will not return to England until January.

THERE were less than seventy thousand people in New York in 1797.

JAPAN's favorite symbol is an image of the sun; that of China a dragon.

MR. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY says that the next Governor of New York will not necessarily be his party's choice for President in 1896. Probably not, in the event of Mr. Morton's election; but if Senator Hill overthrows the odds against him and wins the gubernatorial chair next month he will be nearer the Presidential nomination than he ever has been before.

CONFLICTING rumors of the Czar's health continue to burden the cable. First, we are informed that he may live years, then that it is a matter of days. There is no doubt that the Little Father is a very sick man, but whether he is not to some degree suffering from a plethora of doctors is not sure. Let us see what will come of the dismissal of the eccentric Zakharin.

COUNT ITO HIROBUMI, Prime Minister of Japan, is forty-four years old. He is the author of the Japanese Constitution, and has occupied high positions in public life ever since his Treasury Department Commissioner-ship to the United States at the early age of twenty-eight.

THERE is no doubt as to which is the best baseball team in the United States. The Orioles won the pennant, but the Giants beat them by four straight games in the pitched battle for the Temple Cup.

HENRY HERMAN, the dramatic author and novelist, who collaborated with David Christie Murray in many of his books, and with Henry Arthur Jones in "The Silver King" and "Claudian," died recently in England. In his youth he was a newspaper man in the United States and fought through the war on the side of the Confederacy. He was born seventy years ago and educated at a military college in Alsace.

THE London *Athenaeum* cannot find it in its heart to give unqualified praise to "Trilby," George du Maurier's latest and best novel. "The manner and mannerisms of the elder Dumas, of Dickens and of Thackeray are imitated on nearly every page," it declares. However, the reviewer finds a "composite charm" in the book, and believes that the story will give great delight to the majority.

THE average takings during the recent preaching and lecturing tour of Dr. Talmage through the principal cities of Australia are said to have been one thousand dollars a night. With the exception of Mme. Patti, it is probable that no one now before the public could realize such a sum by unaided effort. Will Dr. Talmage rebuild the Tabernacle when he returns?

QUEER things are happening in the Province of Quebec. Hon. J. S. Hall, the Provincial Treasurer, has resigned his position for reasons set forth in a circular letter to his fellow-Conservatives in the Legislature.

Mr. Hall could not brook the high-handed action of the Lieutenant-Governor and Premier Taitton in negotiating a new loan with the Crédit Foncier of Paris, instead of paying off the old one with money due the Government by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The amount of the old loan was four millions at par at four per cent, but the new one for the same sum has been placed at three per cent, which makes every dollar bond worth only seventy-seven cents. Thus in time the debt of the Province will be increased by over a million dollars. What still further aggravated the situation in the eyes of the ex-Treasurer is that he suspects Lieutenant-Governor Chapeau of being personally interested in the Crédit Foncier, and of having effected this financial arrangement with a view to his own gains regardless of the interests of the Province. There may be some interesting revelations when this matter is carefully looked into. Meantime there is no end of discussion and dissatisfaction among the members of the Cabinet.

PRINCE BISMARCK, Germany's grand old man, is seriously ill. His death, whether it occurs soon or late, can have no political effect on Europe. Three decades ago it might have changed the continental map.

COLONEL JOHN A. COCKERILL, the well-known journalist, will spend most of the time between now and the holidays in Colorado.

SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN, an English author, has written a book entitled "Woman, the Predominant Partner," which, if taken seriously by "the sex," ought to serve as a sort of *omnibus* honorable for all the hard things that the most horrid men have recently permitted themselves to say and write about women. A few brief passages from the volume in question will suffice to prove Sir Edward's more than chivalrous devotion to feminine interests: "There is strong evidence," he writes, "to prove that woman is really the superior animal." "Their virtues are their own, their vices ours." "Women are much more highly endowed by Nature than men." "In wit, in intelligence, . . . in nobility of soul, women have the best of it, much the best." And finally this: "So good, so super-excellent are women that vile man ought always to address them on bended knees and with forehead in the dust." Can any one tell me if Sir Edward Sullivan is a married man?

THE funeral of the poet Oliver Wendell Holmes accorded well with the simplicity of his life. Dr. Edward Everett Hale recited a few Scriptural passages, but there was no eulogy. In accordance with the expressed wish of the family, the general public remained away. After the brief services at King's Chapel, the mortal remains of the illustrious writer were interred at Mount Auburn.

BACK of all history is that strange period when the world was peopled with a race or races that we know nothing of beyond the mere fact that they existed. Antonio Cerevas, the scientist, has discovered in the wilds of Tabasco some of the most interesting ruins yet found in Mexico. In the valley of the San Pedro he came upon an ancient deserted village, surrounded by eighteen pyramids a trifle over ninety-eight feet in height and composed of brick and stone. This is one of the most important of recent prehistoric discoveries, and Mr. Cerevas is organizing a company to make further explorations. The result of his efforts will be awaited with interest by the scientific world.

ONCE upon a time there was a rebotoyadsruht—a species of man-fish now extinct—who, finding the surface of the water dirty, dived down in hopes of finding it cleaner. But the deeper he dived the fouler the water became, until it seemed that there was no limit to its foulness. Finally he discovered the cause in the presence of submarine monsters who had the facility of hiding their natural hideousness when near the surface. The rebotoyadsruht destroyed them all and the water became clear. The police investigations of the Lexow Committee are similar to those of the rebotoyadsruht. The moral can be read by him who runs.

FIVE years ago Field Marshal Yamagata of Japan was traveling around the world, studying the military institutions of foreign countries. He took time by the forelock. Now he is reaping his reward as the idol of his patriotic countrymen. Meanwhile the Chinese Muck-a-Mucks continue to be censured by their Emperor and the troops continue to desert. Count Oyama, the Japanese Minister of War, is reported to have taken Chefoo with thirty thousand men. After Chefoo, Pekin! And what then? Who is to profit by it? The Quadruple Alliance, if the latest rumors are to be credited.

WHAT is the Quadruple Alliance? It is England, France, Germany and Russia. One might as well say all of Europe. The rumor is that these four great Powers are to take charge of China in the interests of Progress and Civilization, and incidentally to fix the amount of Japan's share of the spoils. If they succeed, France will extend her Tonquin boundary, England will add to her Burmese territory, Germany will occupy the Island

Formosa and Russia will enlarge Siberia at the expense of Manchuria. These big European bullies have not the slightest rights in the premises, and the rumor may be groundless. In any event, Korea, the bone of contention, must fall to Japan, and that is the best thing that could happen for the Land of the Morning Calm.



DAVID'S MONOLOGUE.

DRAMATIS PERSONA.—David B. Hill, United States Senator, Democratic Candidate for Governor of New York State, and Heroic Sacrifice.

SCENE.—Senator Hill's Reception Room, Hotel Normandie, New York. (B. H. discovered sitting before a crackling wood fire. Holds a newspaper in his hand.)

HILL (Reading): "Recollecting that the Democratic party of this State has honored me in the past when I solicited its favors in the days of its sunshine and prosperity, I cannot desert it now in the hour of its danger. Guess that will go—ought to brace up the boys, if they're feeling panicky." (Reads again): "A duty confronts me, and I shall perform it as God gives me the light to see it, let the results be what they may." Rather well put, David—will take the 'unco guide' where they're vulnerable. But, cracky! wasn't that a clean sweep the Giants made? I believe I'd rather be Meekin or Rusie than live in the White House, with a Congress on my hands. How the Giants did bat in those four games! Fifty-seven safe hits in four games and twenty-one earned runs. Wonder if I'll be able to make a home run. Tom Platt's curves are hard to hit, and Levi P. is a great short-stop. It's a hard game to beat this time." (Reads again): "I shall confidently appeal to the plain people, who have always sustained me in the past. That's good sauce for the hayseed! Poor Baltimore! Proud of the pennant for a few short days, her glory is now trailing in the dust! To win the League championship and then to lose the Temple Cup is like capturing a United States Senatorship and being defeated for Governor of your own State. Can it be that such a fate is in store for me?"

(The Senior Senator's head droops, while his eyes blink dubiously at the spluttering flame of the burning wood in the grate.)

"Oh, Robinson Crusoe, why did you do so?" (Raising his head and humming an old English air.) "Why did I go to Saratoga to get trapped like a mere politi-



cal tyro? Had I remained away, like Bill Whitney, I might have escaped this awful blow. By the way, Bill is very white, isn't he? But *Times* Dandies, et dona ferentes, I hope he means what he says, but I am not too confiding by nature. And Grover is still silent! Bless his eyes, why is he so ungrateful? Didn't I rush to his support in the Senate when it was a condition, not a theory, that confronted him? Oh! Grover, Grover, thy name is treachery!" (Hill's eyes blaze with the light of hatred.) "Ah, but if I win, what a triumph will be mine! And I will not fail. If they think that Dave Hill is going to be crushed like a worm they're mistaken. Not even the stars shall down me. I am told that ONCE A WEEK's astrologer has figured out my defeat; but Dave Hill defies even the stars!

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly From its firm base sooner than I.

"Gaynor, Whitney, Flower!—they saw the handwriting on the wall and took warning in time. But I—ah, David, were you wise? I fear not. But I am not the only great man who must mournfully reflect that it is a condition, not a theory, that confronts him. There's Li Hung Chang—a man of most exemplary habits. Like myself, refrains from all stimulants, doesn't smoke tobacco and devotes his whole time to sacrificing himself to the welfare of his country. And his country is ungrateful! There are those about him who doubt his sincerity, who plot for his destruction and who assert that he is a selfish schemer. He is hampered in his patriotic endeavors by the Chinese mugwumps, the wearers of the dark-red collar-button and the waving peacock's feather. Here I see it stated that two thousand men of his own corps have deserted in Corea (with a K or a C—I wonder which is right) and gone over to the enemy. Poor Li! The unreliable Sheng division of his army reminds me sadly of the members of the Reform Club. They don't appreciate a patriot when he's at his best. Li Hung Chang says: 'I am a Chinaman,' and then allows himself to be jumped on. That's not Dave Hill's way. Nobody shall jump on me while I am eating three square meals a day and getting two hours' sleep at night! I am a Democrat, by the Eternal, and neither mugwumps nor hypocritical reformers shall down me. The press may howl, Grover may sulk, and all the big and little political fry may scheme and work, but Dave Hill is going to keep right ahead and win, or die, with his yellow jacket still on, in the last ditch."



Sabina Davila de Ponce de Leon.



Adela Cadello.



E. Martinez Vida de Melero.



Maria Maria G. S. de Anas.



Baroness Wilson.



Mercedes Matamoros.



Marietta de Veintemilla.



Josefa Carrasco.



Lastenia L. de Lina.



H. Fernandez de Mulla.



Natalia Gortez.



Lola Pi.



Lenora L. Wright de Kelubaus.



Dona Soledad, Acosta de Sampedro.



Josefa Perdonio.



Vicenta Lapano.



A. Castillo de Gonzalez.



Mercedes Cabello de Carbonero.



E. Miralia.



Rosario Orrego de Chacon.



Lucrecia U. Undurraga.



Lucila Gamero Moncada.



Dolores Sucre.

SPANISH-AMERICAN AUTHORESSSES.

(See page 10.)

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

He is gone, kindly soul;
Let the bells softly toll,
While he rests.
And we see him, through our tears,
As he smiled in other years,
With his jests.
Let him sleep, while the chimes
Seem to echo with the rhymes
That he made;
And the pleasure that he gave
It shall glorify the grave
Where he's laid.
Nigh a century of life
He had mingled in the strife,
Gentle knight;
And his sword had ever flashed,
Where the foes of manhood clashed,
For the right.
Tears and laughter, these he brings,
As he strikes the vibrant strings
Of the soul.
Joy and sorrow, these he knew,
As he wandered, firm and true,
To his goal.
What his epitaph should be,
Carved in marble pageantry,
Who can tell?
But the monument he rears
Says, in laughter and in tears,
"Fare thee well!"

October 8, 1894.

—EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

AS softly, almost as suddenly, as the leaf drops from the bough in these melancholy autumn days, the spirit of Oliver Wendell Holmes loosed itself from the frail tie that bound it to earth, and left the world mourning over all that was mortal of the gentle, lovable and witty Autocrat. There was a special fitness in the time and the manner of his death. It seemed such a harmonious sequence to his fair well-rounded life, this peaceful, painless shutting of his eyes from the noonshine of the October Sabbath, in the presence of those he loved best, under the roof which had sheltered him during many happy years of wedded life, that even those among us who loved him best, when we heard the mournful news, felt no sudden shock of grief or sense of injury such as often comes in the first hour of great bereavement; rather, we said with one accord, after the first few moments of reverent silence following the sad announcement, "It is well." We felt that the good old man's work was done, his generous nature had spent itself freely and was showing signs of exhaustion, his willing hands were tired and he seemed to be sitting apart from us, listening perhaps for the step of the nurse

"On the stair,
With hand of ice and cheek of snow,
And frozen lips that whisper low,
'Come children, it is time to go
My peaceful couch to share.'"

When she came, indeed, his spirit went, unresisting, out to meet her, and hereafter the 8th of October will be lovingly remembered as the day on which the noble span of his five and four-score years of life came to a gentle and seemly close.

He was born in 1809—eighteen hundred and ever-so-few, he, with his playful humor, would have called it—a year made the more memorable for the world by the



DR. HOLMES'S BEACON STREET RESIDENCE, WHERE HE DIED.

birth of such illustrious men as Gladstone, Darwin, Tennyson, Lincoln and Poe—all of whom, now, save England's Grand Old Man, have paid their last tribute to Nature. A goodly company surely, to whom, if we would know the intellectual environment of any one of them and accurately measure his status, must be added the group of their great contemporaries whose fame lends lustre to our century. To Oliver Wendell Holmes belongs a unique place in that bright galaxy of names which includes Whittier, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Motley, James Freeman Clarke and Francis Parkman. It is like playing a scale of greatness only to pronounce their names. But great though he undoubtedly was in the domain of the intellect, it is not by this word one cares most to qualify Dr. Holmes. Some softer, more endearing term is needed to express just what he was to us, with his broad, sweet

humanity, his brotherly fondness for all men whom he could lead or help in any way, his sunny light-heartedness, his contagious good and pleasant humor, his sparkling, resistless flow of wit. "Genial" and "kindly" he has been described so often that the epithets now belong to him by acquired right, as much as "gentle" belongs to the creator of Elia—with whom the Autocrat has much in common. It is as such he will go down to posterity, and be beloved by future generations of readers, who shall not fail to find in his pages the same excellent pastime and food for pleasant reflection that have made us of his day so deeply his debtors.

It was Dr. Holmes's mission to refine and elevate the tone of American literature, and to exercise a gently corrective influence over the manners and tastes of his countrymen by the effective instrument of his rare and resistless humor. Endowed by Nature with more than the necessary qualifications for such a task, he was besides fortunate in that all the circumstances surrounding his birth and up-bringing favored in the highest degree the perfect development of his bright intellect and generous heart. He had a pedigree of which he had reason to be proud, in this young country where grandfathers are scarce. From his own, on his mother's side, he received his name, Oliver Wendell; the wife of this same ancestor, the poet's grandmother, furnished him with a theme for one of his sweetest poems, "Dorothy Q." That he was not without a certain reasonable pride of ancestry is evidenced by these lines written on her portrait:

"Look not on her with eyes of scorn,
Dorothy Q. was a lady born,
Ay, since the gulping Normans came,
England's annals have known her name,
And still to the three-hilled rebel town
Dear is that ancient name's renown,
For many a civic wreath they won,
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son."

In a domestic atmosphere refined by interesting family traditions, and mellowed by the prevailing influence of good books—for the poet's father, Dr. Abiel Holmes, was a man of scholarly attainments—Oliver Wendell grew up, like a sturdy plant in a sunny and well-watered spot, healthy, happy, and with a keen capacity for enjoyment of the highest and purest sort. His college career was such as might have been expected from a preparation so full of promise. He stood well in his classes, formed friendships with the best and most gifted of his contemporaries and exhibited in a remarkable degree indications of his fitness for a literary career. He did not, however, think seriously of this until after he had made trial of the two learned professions, law and medicine. The first he quickly tired of, but the second he faithfully pursued through its various stages, obtaining his degree in 1836, after which he visited the hospitals abroad, returning to fill the Professorship of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth. In the same year he published his first volume of poems. Marrying shortly after, the daughter of Judge Jackson of the Supreme Court, he resigned his Chair in the university and began to practice his profession in Boston, where he continued to live for nearly twenty years. The union was thrice blessed, two sons and a daughter being born to Dr. and Mrs. Holmes. Of these the eldest, Oliver Wendell, now Judge Holmes of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, alone survives his father.

In 1847 Dr. Holmes was asked to fill the Chair of Anatomy and Physiology at Harvard, a post which he accepted and the duties of which he faithfully accomplished during a long unbroken period of thirty-five years. Two years after assuming this professorship he ceased to practice his profession, and devoted his spare time entirely to literature and the lecture platform, in both of which fields he met with brilliant success.

His first great achievement with his pen was the series of papers given to the world under the title of "The Autocrat at the Breakfast-Table," through the medium of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a magazine founded by Lowell in 1857 with the understanding that Dr. Holmes should be a constant contributor. It was, in fact, he who named it, and in connection with this circumstance a story is told which illustrates very happily the ready wit of the future Autocrat. On being asked how he came to select the name *Atlantic Monthly*, "Oh, it was just a notion," Holmes answered quickly. In his earlier years Holmes was fond of making puns on almost every word that came up in conversation, but later checked that tendency and restricted his wit to higher forms of expression, of which he was equally a master.

The "Professor at the Breakfast-Table" and "The Poet" followed, the three books making, in collected form, one of the most charming and entertaining works which adorn the English language. Wit, philosophy, religion, science and poetry are agreeably mingled in these delightful papers, which none can read once without wishing to recur to again and again. Their success with the public was instantaneous and assured that of the magazine as well. Holmes continued to publish his works in the *Atlantic Monthly*, his two novels—"Elsie Venner" and the "Guardian Angel"—first appearing as serials in it. Of the merits of these books it is needless to speak to any who have laughed and cried and wrestled in thought over them. To those who have not read them I would say, Leave what you are doing and go buy these books before another sun sets. It is hardly too much to say that they are among the most remarkable novels of the century. They are not to be readily classed with the works of other writers of fiction, as they both deal with curious problems of medical science which necessitate "talking shop" on the part of the author, a serious objection in the eyes of critics, but really a most interesting feature to perhaps the majority of readers.

As a satirist and moralist Dr. Holmes has earned the gratitude as well as admiration and affection of all the American people. He has held up their foibles and deficiencies to ridicule, but in such a kindly fashion that they must fain laugh with him at themselves. To quote his own words about Emerson, "He was an iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship." No mocking sarcasm nor jeering irony, no drop of gall, no note of resentment darkens his cheerful pages. His laughter is from the heart, wholesome and

irrepressible. Above all, the shams of life appear to him irresistibly comic, and he shows us so vividly the exquisite absurdity of foolish pretense and undue self-assertion, that few of us, however so inclined, could dare be unreal after reading Holmes. Brotherly love is strongly inculcated in every line he wrote. He could strike some note of sympathy in every human soul, whether it were that of an angular female in black bombazine, or a young man named John who made execrable puns and winked at the company around the breakfast-table, or a tender little Iris who wrote beautiful poems and drew feeling little sketches. The bond of human fellowship drew his large kindly nature to them all, and in the mellow light of his friendship some good thing surely blossomed always out of the most



THE LATE DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

unpromising soil. It was thus he taught us to bear with one another, seeing only the humorous side of one another's foibles and the saving qualities that underlie them.

As a lyric poet, Dr. Holmes ranks high. There is a sweetness in the flow of his melodious verse and a grace in his poetic fancies which captivates both the heart and the ear. His own favorite poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," is but one of the gems with which he has enriched the gold of his prose, in the books of the Breakfast-Table series. "Before the Curfew," from which the lines in the opening paragraph are taken, is full of tender pathos, and the quaint humor of "The Last Leaf" and the "Wonderful One-Hoss Shay" has immortalized those two poems.

Dr. Holmes has made valuable contributions to medical literature and has written a number of interesting essays and memoirs. His complete works form an array of volumes which caused him to say once, not long ago, that it appalled him to think of the number of shelves he should have filled had he been as diligent for a long series of years in literary labor as he was in acquiring and imparting scientific knowledge.

His exact place in English literature cannot be assigned until a later verdict than that of his contemporaries can be arrived at, but few of us can doubt that it will be well up among the Immortals. To borrow his own lines on Francis Parkman, his will be

"A bright, brave memory, his the stainless shield
No shame defaces and no envy mars!
When our far future's record is unsealed
His name will shine among its morning stars."

LILY E. F. BARRY.

THE long winter night of the Arctic circle has set in, and there will be no more exploration in that region during the remainder of 1894. The Falcon has returned from the frozen North bringing back all of the Peary party except Peary himself, H. J. Lee and Matthew Henson, who will remain at Falcon Harbor with the determination to pursue their explorations further next year. The severity of the season just passed made it impossible for them to accomplish anything important. It is unpleasant to note that one of the returned party has criticised the leader's management severely. Strained relations, though only between two members of such an expedition, must necessarily militate against achievement.

THREE THOUSAND men and women in Philadelphia's sweating shops work fourteen hours a day on an average for the pittance of \$4.50 a week. This sad condition of affairs is not peculiar to the City of Brotherly Love, and doubtless exists in all large cities. The boasted civilization of the nineteenth century has left much undone. It is not natural for men to work for such a pittance. Their wages are forced to this low figure by the number of men always out of employment and always begging for work. Men allowed to work and to retain what they produce do not want. The resources of Nature are sufficient to give all men employment, but labor is shut out by artificial barriers. The great aim of civilization should be to take down those barriers. Then, and not till then, will the masses be free.



It was a hot evening, and I was dressing with great deliberation for the dinner at Major Lancaster's. I hardly felt equal to the exertion I was making, and rather envied my chum, Wilson, who had gone to bed that afternoon with a touch of chills and fever, and who was thus free from the engagement which still bound me. Not that I would not as soon have dined with the Major as with any one on the island; he was a most charming host, and he gave you good things to eat and drink; it was only that the weather did not suit starched linen and black broad-cloth. Moreover, a shirt-stud had just escaped from my perspiring fingers and rolled into invisibility under the wardrobe. I said to myself, "I will give myself five minutes to find that thing, and if that doesn't bring it I won't go to the Major's—that's all!"

Having forced my conscience, willy-nilly, to ratify this iniquitous treaty, I am sorry to say that I frittered away two of my five minutes in selecting a cigar from the fresh box on the table, biting off the end of it and lighting it at the candle on the dressing-table. Then, with my eye shamelessly on my watch, which lay open beside the candle, I hunted in the pockets of my Norfolk jacket, which had been thrown on a chair, for a soiled handkerchief. Having found it, I spread it out on the floor, and circumspectly knelt down upon it, so as not to get dust on my dress trousers. I next placed the candle on the floor beside me, and supplied myself with a long paper-cutter to feel under the wardrobe with. Finally, I reached up to take another look at my watch; and finding I had but a minute and a half left, I said, "It's really no use trying to find the thing in that time, especially with the smoke from this cigar getting in my eyes; I may as well give it up at once." At this juncture there came a heavy knock at the door of my room, which opened before I had time to say "Come in." Who the deuce could it be? It didn't sound at all like Wilson, who, besides, was safe in bed; if it was our servant, I would discharge him on the spot for his impudence; and who else could it be? I glanced over my shoulder, almost expecting to see my conscience, in the guise of Major Lancaster, come to reproach me for my perjury; but who should I behold, of all unlikely men in the world, but my friend Tom Bullitt, whom I had left in New York six months before, and whom I had had no reason to suppose was not there still. Tom was an Irishman and a lawyer, with a fair practice. He was, also, one of the best fellows going, and there was no one who could have been more welcome to me at that moment.

"Here's what you are looking for," were his first words; and he stooped and picked up my stud from the floor at his feet. I scrambled to an erect position, and we shook hands; I was still too much surprised to say anything. He stepped to the dressing-table and placed the stud upon it, and faced me with his quizzical smile. "I've been there myself," he remarked, "and I know all about it. Well, my boy, how are you? Ye look hearty! And how's Wilson? Sick, is he? Dear, dear! But he'll soon be over it. And where would ye be going now? A dinner, is it? Well, there's no getting out of that then. If it had been anything less, I'd have asked ye to beg off, and we'd have a quiet evening over a cigar and a drop of toddy. But a dinner's a sacrament, and bad luck to me the day I conspire with any man to play fast and loose with it! No, no, I'll not have it! Go on, now, and finish your dressing. I'll chat with ye the while; and while ye're away I'll stop in with Wilson and see he gets his quinine regular. Who's your host, if I may ask?"

"Major Lancaster," said I; "and I have a better scheme than yours for us. You will take Wilson's place at the dinner. I know the Major well enough for that, and it will be a favor to him, for it will fill the gap in his table. Besides, if you don't go I won't; and I'm just as particular about the sanctity of dinner engagements as you are."

Yes, I said that; but it is well known that residence in tropical countries has a tendency to sap the moral sense.

Tom agreed without much difficulty; he had brought nothing but a gripsack with him, but Wilson's clothes fitted him, as was known by previous experiment. I fetched them for him without disturbing Wilson, because he was sick; and Tom lost no time in getting into them, while I finished my toilet without further mishap. Meantime I questioned him as to how he happened to be here.

He had come, it appeared, with small premeditation, and as much for fun, he confessed, as for business. It was summer, and he had as well take a vacation in this way as in another. He was engaged in a case of flight and embezzlement, as I gathered, and had a telegram from the detective he was employing to meet him in Jamaica, if convenient. "I'm not so sure there'll be anything in it, mind you," he added; "but, remembering you were here, I thought I'd as well risk it anyhow. And now let's hear who's Major What's-his-name?"

"Major Lancaster," I replied, "is a good fellow, in the first place. He's only lived here about a year, I believe, but he has lots of money, and he is going to marry one of the nicest girls on the island. This is his farewell bachelor dinner. Whether he's an Englishman or not I can't say. He's lived much abroad anyhow, and has had an exciting time of it; was in the Chili row, for one thing, and I fancy has been mixed up with things in Central America, too. One of the fellows that has been everywhere, talks well, and knows all about a dinner. Handsome chap, and looks about forty. You'll like him. Like enough you and he may have been at the same places; you have been a good deal of a bog-trotter yourself."

By this time we were down on the veranda, looking

out into the soft tropic darkness, spangled with fire-flies, and scented with stephanotis blossoms. The carriage drove up, we got in, and rolled off.

The Major's pen was only a couple of miles distant. The grounds surrounding it were extensive, and planted with a variety of beautiful trees and shrubbery. The drive from the gate wound about for near a mile, through a double row of Royal palms. When we got to the house, we found the veranda lighted with rows of Chinese lanterns, and the Major and two or three early guests sitting on it, smoking Egyptian cigarettes and sipping cocktails.

I apologized for Wilson, and presented Tom, who was cordially received. We spent a very agreeable fifteen minutes *al fresco*; by that time the rest of the company had arrived, and we went in, not without some regret that we could not dine outside.

But the sight of the table reconciled us. Anything more bright, sparkling, pretty and exhilarating I have seldom seen. Soft damask, radiant silver, glittering crystal, rainbow flowers, and a huge lump of ice suspended in a silken net over the central flower-salver, while the heated air, coming in contact with it, was cooled to a perfectly delightful temperature. Great groups of tree-ferns were bending, green and graceful, in the corners of the room; and upon the huge black oak sideboard, a relic of Colonial planters' days, stood four silver-plated buckets, heaped with broken ice, from amidst which appeared the heads and necks of a genial forest of champagne bottles. A dozen cut-glass decanters decorated the table; and on a stand in the background I descried a large tray, holding a sturdy assemblage of jugs squat and quaint, and some seltzer-siphons; all of which went to show that the jolly Major meant to make his bachelor farewell a memorable one.

There were a dozen of us altogether at table. Some of the best men in the island were there, and we were all well known to one another, except, of course, Tom; but Tom was not a fellow likely to spoil an evening by being stiff or unsocial. On the contrary, he soon proved himself a most valuable acquisition; and our host, on whose right hand I had the honor of sitting, and who knows a good thing when he sees it, spoke to me more than once of his pleasure in making his acquaintance. "Not, you know, that I don't wish we might have had poor dear Wilson, too; only I should have been very sorry to miss Mr. Bullitt. Been something of a traveler, I think you said?"

"A regular roving Irishman of the old sort. I should like to hear you and him swapping adventures, Major. You must draw him out, presently. He's a capital hand at a yarn."

"But I hope he means to stay with us here a while? Doesn't think of going back yet a while, surely?"

"I don't know; he's a busy man, and restless. Only came down at all under some pretext of business, he tells me. He's on the trail of some fugitive from justice, I think he said."

"By Jove! how very jolly! But we must get it out of him after a while," said the Major, sticking his monocle in his eye. And he chuckled the chuckle of agreeable expectation.

Tall, spare, soldierly-erect, dark-complexioned and clean-shaven, except for a short black mustache, the Major was the type of the modern romantic man of the world, the explorer of strange peoples and adventurer of wild adventures. In spite of the courteous geniality and gentle breeding that showed in the manner of all he did and said, you could see, beneath the record of hazardous and savage experiences. His demeanor, though always frank and open, was yet enriched by picturesque shadows and recesses of mystery, ever tempting his companion on to further investigation. For my part, I can never have enough of the society of such men; they stimulate curiosity, satisfy imagination, and at the same time soothe me with the magnetism of their quiet audacity. I wish I had kept memoranda of all the stories I have heard from Major Lancaster.

Two geniuses like Tom and he could not be long in evincing a mutual attraction, and when the more ceremonial part of the dinner was over, there was a gradual shifting of places at the table, until at last the two were sitting next each other, with the rest of us grouped about them, and the decanters within reach of all. Then ensued a couple of hours of such good talk as one seldom remembers in a lifetime. Tom, with his thick black hair smoothly and demurely brushed down over that small, compact head of his, with his twinkling Irish eye, the roguish smile curling up one corner of his mouth, and his general air of solid manhood combined with childlike gaiety, was never in better form than on this occasion. Nor had I ever seen the Major more entertaining and versatile. Happy the girl, thought I, who has secured such a man for the companion of her life; and ill for us, that there are to be no more farewell bachelor parties beneath his hospitable roof. . . .

"What did you say the fellow's name is?" inquired the Major, bending forward with a sudden increase of interest.

"Yorke is the name he went by with us in New York," replied Tom. "But he'll likely have changed it several times since then."

"Yorke! A big, stoutish chap, with a thick red beard all over his face, and a bit of a burr in his tongue?"

"Why, now, to be telling ye the honest truth," said Tom, "I never saw him in the flesh at all. But I've seen his photograph, anyway, and I should say he would be about the sort of looking man ye describe. But why would ye be asking, Major? Would ye have met the likes of him anywhere about, do ye think?"

"I certainly did meet a person of that name and appearance, about—let me see—about nine months ago, it was; I had been here then some three months, you know," he added, turning to me, "and had made up my mind to pitch my tent here for good. So I had run back to London, to settle my affairs there, and there I met Mr. Yorke, in the Traveler's Club. He was on his way to the Cape, he told me; and in fact, I went down to the wharf with him, and saw him off. Dear me! I took quite a fancy to him; and so you say he's a rascal?"

"Well, I'll not be judging any man; but his acts were against him anyhow," said Tom with a grin. "I'll tell ye. He wore a long black coat buttoned up to the

chin, with a round collar, and gave himself out to be a missionary from the Soudan, or some place, and to be collecting funds for his work, d'ye understand. By the same token, he was a good man with his tongue, with the women especially—God bless 'em!—and 'twas not long till he had the widow Van Tickle infatuated to that degree, she'd have given him the bang off her head; but it seems he wouldn't have the bang without her, so he married her out of hand, and three and a half million dollars along with her. That was a year since; and for a couple of months they were just two turtle-doves. Then it seems the good man got a message from London to ask what would he be doing about the mission; and he deemed it his duty (so he said) to step over and explain himself a bit, and adjust his relations with the Board. Mrs. Yorke, at the time, as luck would have it, being laid up with the grip, could not go with him. So off he starts, alone by himself, and to be back in a month sure. Faith, he's not turned up yet; and of the three and a half millions there's but eight and forty thousand left, which he couldn't get at, because why it was in bonds deposited in the United Safe Deposit, and Mrs. Yorke had forgot to tell him about the likes of such a trifle. Faith, it's mighty thankful she is now, poor soul, that she hadn't a better memory! Well, that's all there is to it," added Tom, taking the decanter of old Madeira respectfully by the neck, and inverting it over his glass. "Only, the case came into our hands about six months back, and we've been on the trail with mighty small success till a few weeks ago, when there was a bit of a scent came to light down in this direction. But I doubt it'll show up for much, the mere by token if 'twas really he you met in London, Major. Though why he should still be calling himself Yorke, when there's so many other honest names to be had for the taking. . . . And to judge by his record, which we looked up after he was gone, he'd not been over-particular in that matter before then; there was a dozen fine ones to his credit, more or less."

"Well, it may have been merely a coincidence," said the Major, smiling thoughtfully. "There's many a Yorke in England, and with a red beard, too, I dare say."

There was a pause; it was late, and several members of our circle got up to take leave. As I turned, my eye happened to fall on one of the open windows, and it seemed to me I saw the face of a man there, looking in. It struck me as singular that it should be the face of a white man; but I might have been mistaken, and when I looked again it was gone. I forgot about it the next moment. I was about to say good-night, when the Major whispered in my ear, "Hold on a bit! There's a bottle of 1820 cognac I want you and Mr. Bullitt to taste before you go. After the others have gone, we'll sit out on the veranda and try it."

I had already had enough of various kinds of beverages to make me feel almost too comfortable, and I thought Tom had, too; but I acceded, as people are apt to do in such cases, and in a little while found myself seated with Tom and the Major in straw easy-chairs, with a tiny glass of the most delectable brandy ever experienced between my fingers, dreamily listening to the conversation of my two friends, who seemed to have reverted to the topic of Mr. Yorke. How long this lasted, I know not. It ceased after a while, and we were standing up, and the Major was saying, "Now, I've got a favor to ask, and a confession to make. I want you to let me walk down with you as far as the gate; and the confession is that I've had your carriage sent down there to wait for you. The moonlight is fine to-night, and I wanted you to see the effect on the silk-cotton down there at the turn. Do you mind?"

Of course we were delighted. We would have been delighted by almost anything by that time. The Major went upstairs to get his hat. In a minute or two we heard a terrible clattering and banging within, and, running to see what had happened, we found the poor Major prone on the floor at the foot of the staircase, having missed his footing and fallen from the top to the bottom. "Oh, it's nothing!" cried he, laughing, as we picked him up; but then a contortion went over his features, and it appeared that his right ankle was badly sprained. There he stood on one leg, leaning against the newel-post, and unable to touch his other foot to the ground.

"By Jove! this is tough," he exclaimed. "Here I've got you fellows done out of your carriage, and now I can't see you to the gate. Hold on, I'll send the boy down to call it back!"

By no means would we listen to such a proposal. We were grieved for his mishap, and sorry to lose his company, but we would a hundred times rather walk than ride, whether he came with us or not. There was a good deal of argument on the subject, of which I do not remember much; and the end of it was that Tom and I bade our chagrined though still jolly host an effusive good-night, and set off down the drive together with all the grace and agility that our gorgeous condition allowed.

How that path did wind in and out and roundabout! It seemed a Chinese maze. The moon shone brilliantly, but could not enlighten our understandings. I expected to find myself fetching up at the steps of the Major's veranda again every minute. At length we came to a stand near a big clump of shrubbery to take counsel.

"Why won't we take an observation and steer by the stars?" suggested Tom. "Would ye be having a quadrant, or an azimuth in your clothes, d'ye think, now?"

While I was preparing myself to assure him that I had neglected this obvious precaution, there came a sharp noise from that clump of bushes on our right, and a little spark of fire. I gave a start, and Tom a jump. "By the Poker, that was a close call!" exclaimed he. "Ye're not hurt yourself?"

"Hurt?" returned I: "no: what?"

Another report from the same direction. Tom, without more ado, sprang forward toward the clump of bushes. I followed him, bewildered. Some one passed me, running at full speed. What had happened? I

PLAYING CARDS.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

pushed through the shrubbery, and found Tom and a man whom I did not know standing over a prostrate figure. The moonlight fell on the face of the latter. It was the Major, in evening dress, with a double-barreled carbine in his hands. There was a blackened hole through the right side of his neck; he was dead. He had shot himself.

"Adams, is that yourself?" said Tom, to the stranger. "I didn't know ye were on the island. What's this mean?"

"It means our man has killed himself, Mr. Bullitt," answered the detective. "I spotted him two days ago, and was hanging around to arrest him to-night. I went into the house after you and your friend here had left, but he had gone; he must have run right after you. Didn't he fire at you first?"

"Faith, he fired at Wilson's coat, and hit it, too," said Tom, lifting his left arm and showing where the bullet had torn its way through the black broadcloth, cutting both the sleeve and the breast of the coat, but miraculously missing Tom himself. "But would ye be telling me," he continued, "that Major Lancaster is the same man with that beggar Yorke?"

"That's about the size of it, sir, I guess," said Adams. "Why, the Major fell downstairs and sprained his ankle," exclaimed I.

The detective smiled grimly. "I overheard that bit of comedy," he remarked. "It was a clever dodge to get rid of your carriage, so as he could take an easy pot-shot at you. He saw his game was up without he got you out of the way, Mr. Bullitt; and when he missed you, there was only one way out of it for him. Begging your pardon, sir, if you had been a little less free in your talk with him, we might have got him alive after all."

"Maybe 'tis better as it is, for that poor girl he was to marry anyway," said Tom. "He was a bad lot, too; and likely there'd have been enough found to hang him before we were through with him. But he was a jolly good fellow all the same, and I wish I might dine with the likes of him every night. A Yorke for a Lancaster! Well, God rest his soul! He knew what good cognac was, and gave it to his friends; there was saving grace in him somewhere, I'll go bail for it!"

It was daylight before we got home, pretty well exhausted in body and mind. As we entered my room, Tom sighed heavily.

"Come, old man," said I, "you had a wonderful escape, and you ought to be grateful."

"Oh, as for that, I'd not be minding a scrap of lead in me more or less," returned he; "it wouldn't be the first by many. If the Major had but waited till I took off the coat, I'd not be repining at all; but Wilson's a mighty particular man about his clothes, and it'll cost me a matter of seventy-five or eighty dollars to make it square with him."

DE WOLF HOPPER AS DR. SYNTAX
A SNIP SHOT INTERVIEW
BY GEORGE WILKES

THE theatrical season in New York has opened with a bang. Forlorn managerial prognostications made during the summer have been knocked into a cocked hat. Managers who started in with the intention of lying low are now trotting out their best novelties. Actors who at first were willing to work for fifty dollars a week are now demanding at least seventy-five dollars. As a clever actor recently remarked, the Rialto from a dismal Slough of Despond has blossomed into a sort of Midway Plaisance.

Every first-class attraction in town since the opening night has been playing to full houses, and this in face of the fact that the matinee girl has not yet returned from the mountains. Della Fox at the Casino shines brightly as the newest star in the theatrical firmament; "Shenandoah" at the Academy has a big sensation in a real cavalry charge; Sothern is drawing big audiences at the Lyceum in "The Victoria Cross"; Francis Wilson is raising Old Cain at Abbey's as "The Devil's Deputy"; John Drew has successfully undertaken a new rôle in "The Bauble Shop" at the Empire; Dixey has made a very satisfactory debut as a member of Daly's company; but the most pronounced success of all has been made by the comedian who is the subject of this paper, De Wolf Hopper.

Hopper is in town again, this time with his merry company in "Dr. Syntax," to which musical and mirthful comic-opera the long-legged and level-headed comedian brings a fund of animal spirits that delights every one. With his singing and dancing and cowering he is "all over the place." At least, the stage of the Broadway Theatre is not a bit too large for this agile and humorous Dr. Syntax.

The opera, borrowed from the German a dozen years or so ago by Tom Robertson and travestied by Woolson Morse, was first produced at Daly's under the title of "Cinderella at School." Even though Miss Rehan was then in the cast, its career was cut short because the public didn't seem to like it. Now, however, the two acts and six scenes in which the play is presented have been brought up to date by J. Cheever Goodwin. Ever since that enthusiastic first night when Mr. Hopper was obliged to make not one speech, but two, the house has been packed, and every one at the Broadway, from the star to the stage "prop," has smiled with exceeding joy in the belief that they have a "dead sure thing."

On the fourth night, just after the police had forbidden the further sale of tickets, I found Mr. Hopper in his dressing-room, brimming over with boyish glee over his success. The long frock-coat in which he is obliged to go through the antics of Dr. Syntax is rather heavy, and the perspiration poured down his face, so grotesque in its make-up, like water from a hundred springs.

He was dressing for the second act, in which there is a boat-race, and he wears a great deal of the blue and white of Columbia College. "My mother, bless her heart, took me to task for these," he said, referring to his stockings. "'Why, Will,' said she, 'you made an awful mistake last night. You got your stockings mixed—one was blue and the other white.'"

Mr. Hopper's fun is not forced; it just exudes from him. He came by his wit honestly, for his father and grandfather were born wits before him. They were Quakers, and lived in Philadelphia, where the Hopper family has flourished for years. The wit of the Hopper family, however, was confined entirely to private utterance in the staid, dignified Quaker life until young De Wolf passed the mile-stone of early youth. Then he came to New York, determined to test the commercial value of his talents on the stage. He drifted about from one company to another till one day, having just reached New York by a conveyance other than a Pullman Palace Car, he learned that Mr. Harrigan wanted a leading man, and determined to apply for the position. Some one had already suggested "Long" Hopper to Harrigan, but the manager only laughed "Hopper? Why, he can't act!"

The next day "Long" Hopper himself stalked into Harrigan's office. "Well, what is it?" asked Mr. Harrigan.

"I want to be your leading man," said Mr. Hopper. Mr. Harrigan was so pleased with the young man's audacity that he gave him a small part, anyway. De Wolf made a decided hit in the part, and was forthwith made one of the principals. This proved Mr. Hopper's first stepping-stone to popular success.

Discovering that comic-opera was the best field for his talents, he made his debut at the Broadway Theatre as a star. All who saw "Castles in the Air" that season will remember De Wolf Hopper's success. Now, in "Dr. Syntax," he begins his fifth annual season with his fourth successful opera. For he followed "Castles in the Air" with two seasons of the money-coining "Wang," and last season he popularized "Panjandrum."

And with all his success De Wolf Hopper has remained modest, unassuming, the same hail-fellow-well-met. In the opera in which his capital and talent are now invested, he has very wisely dropped his usual methods of boisterous fun. When he has learned to give us more characterization and less caricature we shall begin to take him seriously. Even as things are, we behold in "Dr. Syntax" a cleanliness of language and a regard for intellectuality in the foolery which speaks well for Mr. Hopper's idea of a modern comic-opera. The comparison between the modern dress and modern manners in "Dr. Syntax" and the outlandish grotesquery of "Wang" is certainly in favor of the present play. The propriety of costume in "Dr. Syntax" is certainly worthy of note, for only the tip of a little boot peeps out now and then, that is all.

The only change that has overtaken this popular comedian is in his pockets, where, forsooth, there is now big change! Like Francis Wilson, De Wolf Hopper is becoming a rich man. He may be seen any fine afternoon driving up the Boulevard at top speed behind his own team—en route for the ball game at the Polo Grounds.

"Yes, I am a regular baseball crank," he said, as he dabbed a bit of red here and there over his face. "And I'm proud of it. Yes, my weakness, my fad, is sports. I like honest, manly competition, and I believe baseball is the very nearest to really honest sport. I'll miss my dinner, but won't miss a ball game." And after swallowing his sixth glass (actual count) of Bethesda Water, he rushed off to the stage.

Returning in about five minutes, perspiring but not flustered, he said: "Sorry I haven't anything better than Bethesda to offer you. Fact is, I've eschewed liquors altogether. Acquiring good sense, you see. I used to drink champagne—a great deal of champagne. Not for affection, you know, but for strength. But it didn't pay. My advice to all in my profession is—eschew strong drink of any sort. I'm not speaking morally, understand; but—well, physically."

"You don't appear to be very nervous," I remarked. "Not a bit. My nerves are entirely normal. Why? Well, here!" and he filled his glass again with Bethesda.

Here his manager came in with a great wad of Uncle Sam's bank-notes in his hands. He was smiling and very happy; indeed, he suggested a person conscious of five-dollar bills sticking out all over him.

"Want any cash to-night, Will?" This from the manager to the actor.

"Not a cent. Go home!" roared the actor; and then he lighted a very expensive Perfecto, and caught up the manuscript of a new popular song.

"You haven't much in the way of a topical song in this play," I suggested.

"No; they're not so easy to get as the public imagines. And yet there are several clever fellows in town who can write a capital topical song to order while you wait. But these fellows never write songs excepting when they are hard up. Honestly, I've heard of a certain song-writer who never thinks of writing a line except on the most extraordinary occasions. He hastens to the nearest park bench, scribbles off half a dozen stanzas, hies himself to the stage-door of the nearest variety theatre, and sells his song for anything he can get so long as it's enough for a dinner. One cold night last winter he was crossing Union Square shivering and his teeth chattering, actually suffering—for his overcoat was in pawn. He needed five dollars to redeem that coat. Now what did he do? He came to a standstill under the first electric light, scribbled off a topical song, hastened to a variety theatre where he was well known, sold his song for five dollars, and half an hour after reappeared with his overcoat on, and just in time to hear his song make a hit."

After this I tried to pin Mr. Hopper down to serious conversation, but in answer to my questions about improvements in the quality of comic-opera he had only time to say:

"If 'Dr. Syntax' rises above the general run of stuff of which comic-operas are made, it's because the public wants it. There are no tights in this show because the public has been satiated with tights; if the music is a little serious, it's because it has a commercial value. Tights, cheap horse show, flowers passed over the footlights—these are antediluvian customs that must go by

the board. The actor who believes that success on the stage to-day is made by way of the royal road called humbug, is—well, isn't up to date."

And then the comedian's German valet, Hans, lured him off to the stage. And even as he left the dressing-room he buttoned up that black coat tightly and turned into Dr. Syntax. (See page 8.)

SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY

OF

ONCE A WEEK

Forthcoming Novels:

A GLANCE at the following list of new novels, which will be published consecutively in the Semi-Monthly Library of *ONCE A WEEK*, will suffice to inform readers of the remarkable advantages to be gained by becoming subscribers to the Library. Every book on this list is a first-class novel, the names of the authors being in most cases a sufficient guarantee for the quality of work to be expected. Under ordinary conditions, it would be impossible to secure any of these books, on the first day of their appearance, for less than one dollar. By subscribing to *ONCE A WEEK* Library, the novels are secured and received immediately upon publication for the nominal cost of about six cents each. When the high price of the copyright of any one of these novels is taken into consideration (about \$5,000 each), it will be seen that the rates at which they are offered to subscribers are phenomenally low.

PEOPLE OF THE MIST.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

UNDER SEALED ORDERS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

TWO NEW NOVELS.

BY WALTER BESANT.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE HOUSE IN THE HEROLD STRASSE.

BY E. JUNKER.

THE WAY OF THE TRANS- GRESSOR.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

MISS GOOD FOR NOTHING.

BY W. HEIMBURG.

THE LITTLE MARCHIONESS.

BY PATROCINIO DE BIEDMA.

GLORIA VICTIS.

BY OSSIP SCHUBIN.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY JEAN DE LA BRETTE.

FREEDOM UNDER THE SNOW.

BY MAURICE JOKAI.

"ONCE A WEEK" Horoscope Coupon.

Name, _____

Address, _____

(Not for publication.)

Year, _____ Month, _____ Day of Month, _____ Hour, _____

Date of birth, _____

State, or Country, _____ Town, _____

Where born, _____

Sex, _____

THREE HOME SEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

To all parts of the West and Northwest via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at practically half rates. Round trip tickets, good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale, will be sold on September 11 and 23 and October 9, 1894. For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address G. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.



HUMPTY-DUMPTY STAGE



HUMPTY-DUMPTY FIFTH AVE



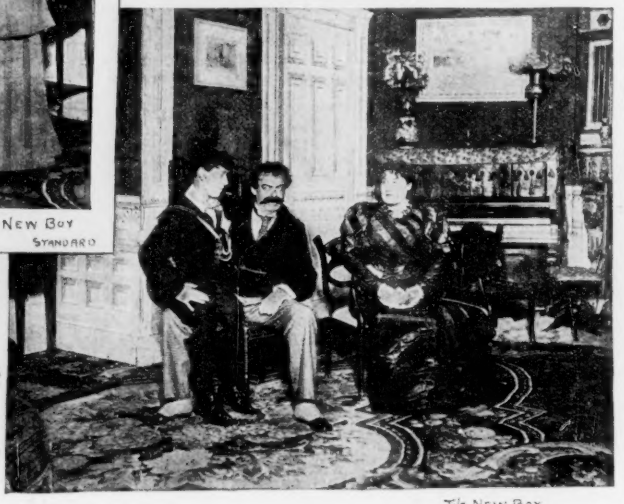
DEVIL'S DEPUTY ADREYS THEATRE

DR SYNTAX
O'WAY

MISS INNOCENCE ABOARD BROAD

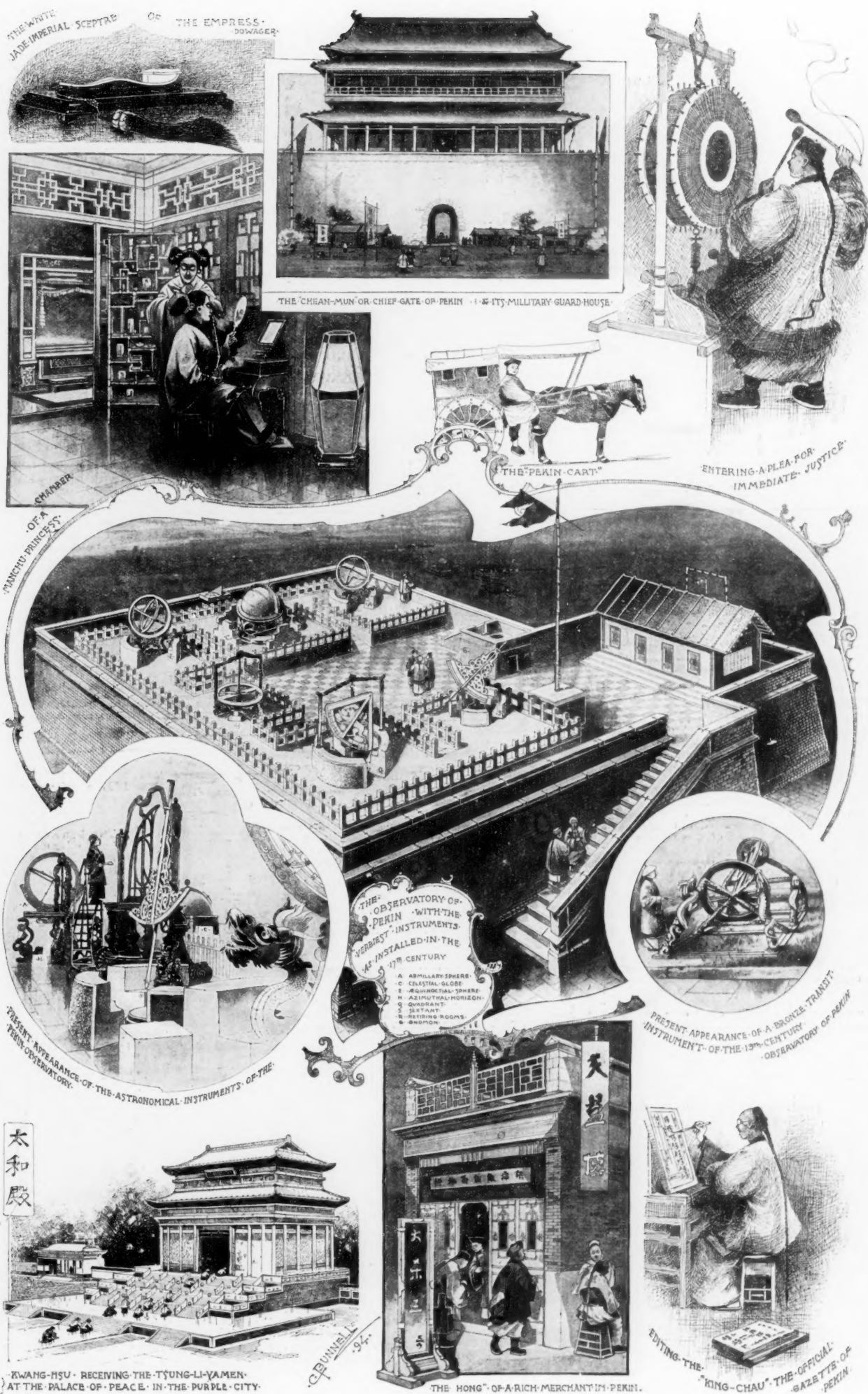
DR SYNTAX
O'WAYTHE NEW BOY
STANDARD

MISS INNOCENCE ABOARD BROAD

THE NEW BOY
STANDARD

WHAT IS GOING ON AT THE THEATRES.
SCENES FROM THE BEST PLAYS.

(See page 7.)



PEKIN. THE CELESTIAL METROPOLIS.

(See page 10.)

THE VICE-REGAL COURT

BY JOEL BENTON.

It is great to be his Lordship, but still more to be a King,
Not to be a Governor-General is quite a different thing.
For we can't tell what may happen in a rank half-way between,
As the Old Dominion shows us in its court for England's Queen.

Though stern rigor rules the socials, and kow-towing marks the court,
In the servants' hall and kitchen there are scenes of frolic sport;
There vice-regal cares are lightened when the hours seem to drag
By a frolic with the servants in the merry game of "tag."

Guests must wait till this is over, when the high and ruling pair
May perhaps come coldly forward with a starched and stiffened air;
For the people of the country they may spare a haughty look,
But for graver conversations choose the butler and the cook.

It was never known before to be a detriment at all,
That you were not *out of service* when you came to Rideau Hall;
Yet today, with social standing very high, and fortune too,
You must bow and scrape to get there, till your back is broke in two.

'Tis a topsy-turvy order—old traditions overturned—
When the kitchen is made foremost and the people they disown;
In the Old Dominion household now for rule they do not look
Beyond the daily orders of the butler and the cook.

At Ottawa there's pining for the times not long ago,
When the Stanleys and the Dufferins were beautiful to know;
When society was wholesome, and the people who know beans
Were not mastered by the kitchen and the curious Aberdeens.

* See Canada letter in ONCE A WEEK of Oct. 6, page 13.

SPANISH-AMERICAN AUTHORESSSES

SO little is known about South American literature here that some people imagine there exists none. In truth, our Southern neighbors can boast of a great many classical writers, whose fame has spread all over Europe and South America.

The sonorous Spanish tongue, rich and harmonious, lends itself readily to versification, and the people's romantic, chivalrous temperament inclines them to express their sentiments more frequently in poetry than in prose. Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador and all the South American countries are rich in folk-lore. And lovers who serenade their *amatorias* on moonlight nights in those lands, where romance abounds, readily improvise verses extolling their charms, which they sing to the tinkling accompaniment of their guitars. Being excluded from the homes of the women they sigh for, for no suitor is allowed to visit a young lady until he has asked her parents' permission, courtship is carried on in a more romantic manner than in our sober, matter-of-fact land. Furthermore, the beautiful landscapes, the charms of which Nature is so lavish in those countries, the balmy atmosphere, radiant moonlight nights and bright sunny days—all aid to incline the people to a more sentimental mood, especially when far removed from the turmoil of the city. Therefore their love-songs and lyric poetry hold a high rank in literature. And the fire of patriotism which burns in every South American's breast—for the desire, the longing for freedom, is breathed in with the air in lands where despotism has been overthrown and liberty prevails—the patriotic flame has inspired epic poems of martial strain, as soul-inspiring as even the "Marsellaise."

But although the men who have distinguished themselves in *belles-lettres* outnumber the women, there are a great many bright, intellectual writers belonging to the fair sex who have won fame and renown in literature. The writer who takes the lead at the present time, as a brilliant novelist of the realistic school as well as a profound thinker on the social problems of the times, is a native of Peru, a land famed for the beauty and the personal gifts of its daughters. Mercedes Cabello de Carbonero has been endowed by Nature with beauty as well as genius.

Clorinda Malto de Turner, the widow of an Englishman, but a Peruvian by birth, has also won a world-wide literary reputation. She edits a journal in Lima, and takes an active part in politics, while she is an ardent partisan for the rights of the Indians—a down-trodden race in Peru. Clorinda Malto de Turner is tall and stately, with a handsome face and fascinating manners.

Dolores Sucre is a poet, and Ecuador is her native land. Her poems have been published, and are very popular.

Dona Soledad, Acosta de Saumper, was born in the Republic of Colombia, but has resided in Paris for many years. Many of her historical works are used as text-books in the principal schools in Colombia, while her novels and other works also give her a high place in

"Garland" Stoves and Ranges are no higher in price than the worthless imitations. Ask to see them.

A VOICE FROM ITALY.—Rev. W. C. Van Meter, Superintendent of the Italian Bible and Sunday School Mission, at Rome, Italy, writes: "The Italians value *Pond's Extract* 'Aqua di Dio,' Water of God. We use it for every ache and pain; it is indispensable in our medical department. I knew it was good before, but now I cannot find words to express my praise of its excellence." Invaluable for Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Catarrhs, etc.

literature. E. Miralla is also a native of Colombia—a brilliant writer and poet.

Waldina Davila de Ponce de Leon was born in Colombia. She has published a volume of poems, and several novels which have made her name very popular.

Lastenia Larriba de Llona, who was born in Peru, has distinguished herself in the annals of her country, and aided to cultivate the minds of her countrywomen by a weekly publication called *The Treasure of the Hearth*, dedicated to women. Many of the most celebrated Spanish and South American writers are contributors to this periodical, which is published in Guayaquil, Ecuador. Lastenia Larriba de Llona has written a large collection of poems, and has published several novels. Her style is graceful and pleasing, while her poems reveal a tender heart and good moral sentiments.

Adela Cadello is a native of Uruguay, and her poems are widely read.

Marietta de Veintemilla has published a historical work called "Pages from the History of Ecuador." She is as beautiful as she is talented, and may well be called a heroine of history, for she held the city of Quito against the revolutionists while her uncle, the President of Ecuador, was at Guayaquil, and although only twenty-three years old, led the troops to battle herself.

Lucrecia U. Undurraga is a Chilean writer who edits a periodical for women, and is a very gifted author.

Maria Delfina Midalgo is a celebrated poet, and has also translated several English books into Spanish. This gifted writer is a native of Chili.

Rosario Orrego de Chacon was also a native of Chili, and did more toward the promotion of higher education for women than any other South American writer. She was a very beautiful woman, with a sweet, lovable disposition. Several volumes of her poems and novels have been published with great success.

Sara Salas de Marin is a frequent contributor to the leading South American periodicals, and has also published a volume of poems. She resides in Santiago, Chili, but is a native of Guatemala.

Vicenta Lapano de la Cerda is a Guatemalan writer and poet, and takes the lead among Central American writers. Her plays were the first written by a Central American ever put on the stage in Guatemala.

Natalia Gorrez has also contributed poems to the Guatemalan periodicals, and is a native of Guatemala.

Josefa Carrasco was born in Honduras, and resides in Santa Barbara. She has written a number of charming poems, and is a frequent contributor to Central American journals.

Lucia Gamero Moncada is also a native of Honduras, and her short stories are very popular.

In Cuba, the "pearl of the Antilles" and the "garden of the world," as it is so often called, many women have won fame and renown in *belles-lettres*.

Mercedes Matamoros is a sweet poet, the songstress of love and sentiment. Her poems have been published with great success. She was born in Cienfuegos.

Luisa Zambrana's poems are full of inspiration and genius.

Aurilia Castillo de Gonzalez is a native of Puerto Principe, Cuba. She has published a volume of clever fables, a book of travels and a number of epic odes and poems. She is a brilliant writer, and her poems are widely read. Aurilia Castillo de Gonzalez is a very beautiful woman, with deep blue eyes, classical features and a very sweet expression.

Lola Ti was born in Porto Rico, and is a woman of decided character. Her poetry is sentimental and her style is very elegant. She is a great partisan for the higher education of women.

Josefa Perdonio is a native of Santo Domingo, and has published a volume of poems with great success.

The Marquise de San Carlos de Pedrosa was born in Havana. She is a brilliant, satirical writer, and one of her clever works about Americans created a sensation in literary circles—all the more so as the Marchioness was a leader of society in Havana. She also contributes to the *North American Review*.

E. Vda Martinez de Melero is an artist, and her pictures were on exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago.

Juana Manuela Govriti, an Argentine writer, has recently passed away, but her novels of a romantic order will survive her for many years to come. Her style is chaste and elegant, and she was considered to be one of the first and most prominent women writers in South America. She resided in Lima for several years, and had a salon there, the resort of the best-known literary people.

This sketch of Spanish-American writers would be incomplete without the mention of Baroness Wilson, the well-known Spanish authoress, who has done more toward the higher education of women in South America than any other writer. Emilia Serrano was born in Granada, and married Baron Wilson, an Englishman, who died shortly after their marriage. In order to divert her mind from her grief the Baroness began to write, and before she was twenty years old had already achieved a brilliant reputation in the world of letters. The Baroness traveled through the New World, and passed twenty years of her life in South American republics, collecting data for a series of historical works, which were published in Barcelona, Spain, with great success. Wherever Baroness Wilson went she was received as an honored guest, and every means was placed at her disposal to enable her to pursue her historical researches. Her charming manners and sweet disposition endeared her to all who came in contact with her, and the Baroness is a very fascinating woman as well as one of the most renowned women writers in Spain.

Lenora L. Wright de Keulhaus was born in Mexico, and she shows in her writings that she inherits her father's independent spirit, for he was an American. Senora Keulhaus is an advocate for the higher education of women and women's rights.

Saria Maria G. S. de Anas is a Guatemalan writer, who resides in Santiago, Chili. She has published a book of poems and is a frequent contributor to South American journals.

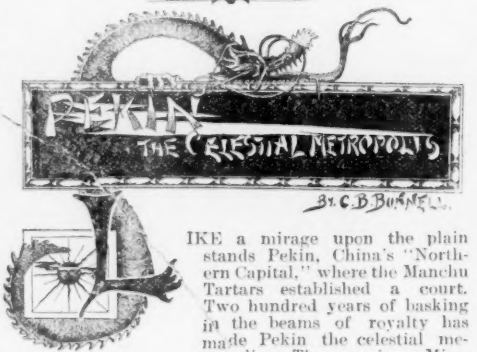
Amalie Ruga de Lozada was born in Peru, and her poems are greatly admired. Senora Lozada is now a resident of New York, as she came here a bride about a year ago.

Other Central American writers worthy of mention are Adelaida Cheves, Josefa Castellanos and Pilar Aragon. The former has written several text-books, was principal of a Young Ladies' Seminary, and still takes an interest in the higher education of women.

Agripina del Valle has published a volume of poems and has contributed to South American journals. Senora del Valle is a native of Colombia also.

Bolivia is represented by Heralda Fernandez de Mujia in this group of Spanish-American writers.—(See p. 4.)

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.



dynasty had its seat in Nan-king, the "Southern Capital."

Pekin is about twenty-five miles in circumference, and is divided into three distinct sections—the Tartar city, the "Purple Forbidden City" and the Chinese city, all of which are separately walled, gated and guarded. Strictly speaking, the Chinese city is the only thing Chinese about Peking, while the Tartar city is the abode of the Manchu "Four Hundred," the Court dignitaries, the "Six Tribunals" and the Han-lin. Many temples and a pretty lake lend it interest. The "Purple Forbidden City" stands in the center of the Tartar section. It is here that "Kwang-Hsu," the Emperor, the "Son of Heaven," maintains his court and harem, guarded by an army of ten thousand eunuchs. Privileged characters are sometimes admitted, as is shown in the illustration of "Kwang-Hsu" receiving the Tsung-li-Yamen in the palace of peace in the purple city. A distinguished foreigner who will "Kow-Tow," that is, kneel three times and bump his forehead nine times on the ground, may be allowed to gaze upon the august personage who is held by the Chinese to be the *de jure* monarch of the whole earth, of which China is only the "Middle Kingdom," all other nations being his tributaries and subjects. Conversation with the Emperor is conducted through the medium of two languages, and when the remarks have been duly translated they have dwindled into a sort of rumor.

But notwithstanding all that, the Dowager Empress, in conjunction with Prince Kung, runs the Chinese Government pretty much as she wishes, even compelling the Emperor to toe the mark. Thus the sceptre of the illustration is doubly interesting because it is the sceptre that rules.

In the recessed "Chamber of a Manchu Princess" we find an attendant arranging the lady's hair with natural flowers and golden bodkins, and oftentimes the coiffure is completed with one of those enormous Chinese butterflies which, when in season, are caught in the mountains south of Peking, exclusively for the ladies of the Court.

Officials of the Government are usually appointed

For steady nerves and good sleep use
Bromo-Seltzer. Contains no Anti-Pyrene.

LACKAWANNA—NICKEL PLATE
THROUGH CAR ARRANGEMENT.

On Sunday, Oct. 7th, a new through palace Buffet Sleeping car line will be established between New York and Chicago, via the D. L. & W. and the Nickel Plate Railroads. Trains will leave New York at 7:30 p.m., arriving in Chicago at 9:35 the next evening. Superb Dining Cars from Buffalo. Lowest rates.

from the Han-lin College of Peking; it is, therefore, the great ambition of a Chinaman to graduate from that institution, as only men who have had literary training are honored by the Government, while the common people treat scholars with great respect and admiration.

The Chinese astronomical records commence shortly after the Deluge, and a literary man who read over a hundred of their "Annals" found great numbers of eclipses and transits recorded. After having them computed, all were found to be correct except three. The error that finally crept into the Chinese calendar resulted from carelessly in marking unequally the degrees on their astronomical circles, the consequence being that their months began to get painfully out of season. The Emperor then requested Father Verbiest to take charge of the Observatory and Royal Almanac. Father Verbiest straightened out their calendar and constructed a new set of bronze instruments, with marble seats, which are in as good condition to-day as they were when built.

The newspapers of China are conducted on ancient but novel lines. In the illustration an editor is seen at work upon the *King-Chau*, the official gazette of Peking. The Chinese editor writes his copy with a brush upon the thinnest kind of tissue paper, the editorial is then badly glued to a wood block, and afterward engraved in fac-simile. Of course that method does not require any proof-reading. The printing of a small publication is accomplished by a man with two brushes. When he has a customer, he brushes a little thin stain on the block, lays a thin piece of cotton paper gently on the freshly inked engraving, runs his second brush very softly over it, and as carefully removes the paper. The wealthy Chinese pay twelve dollars a year for *King-Chau*, but the poor rent it at a rate proportionate to its age.

While news travels very slowly in the Celestial Kingdom, justice is quickly dealt out by the powers that be. Before the Governor's palace in Peking hangs a gong of bronze. Night or day, whenever it sounds, the Governor of the city is obliged to hold court; then and there decisions are rendered at once in the King Solomon style. Should an appeal be frivolous, the luckless plaintiff will receive a thrashing on the soles.

"The Chinese," says a literary man, "teach contempt of the rude, instead of fighting with them; and the man who unreasonably insults another has public opinion against him, while he who despises an affront is esteemed. A Chinaman will reason with a man when an Englishman would fight, or an Italian stab him."

During the first course of a dinner at the "Hong" of a Chinese merchant I had time to study a painted lantern which was my host's pet delight—a balloon-shaped sphere of pearly silk five feet in diameter. At its top was a small wooden ring with a silver ball, through which a brazen chain passed, holding it to the ceiling. At the lantern's base and from a little wooden cup hung a tassel of silver and jade. As the first faint glimmer inside the lantern became stronger, a shadow outline of a Chinese devil and a flying dragon darkly appeared on the lantern's surface; as the light became stronger, the shadows began to move in one direction around the light, and as the light blazed up fully the dragon chased the poor Chinese devil around it at a furious rate. This curious effect was produced by a fan wheel and paper images in the lantern, set in motion by the hot air. Over each guest's table hung a motto; over mine was "Heaven favors the prudent." Turning my quaterfoil "Sam-shu" saucer upside down, I proceeded to taste the birds'-nest soup. It being proper and flattering to the host to talk shop at the table, my *vis-à-vis* explained the dish. "A certain Chinese bird of the sea carefully gathers the most delicate sprouts and twigs of a particular kind of sea moss farina, using that only in constructing its nest. When made, the nests have to be gathered before they are soiled. The gathering and packing of these nests is purely a Government monopoly; the nests sell for their weight in silver."

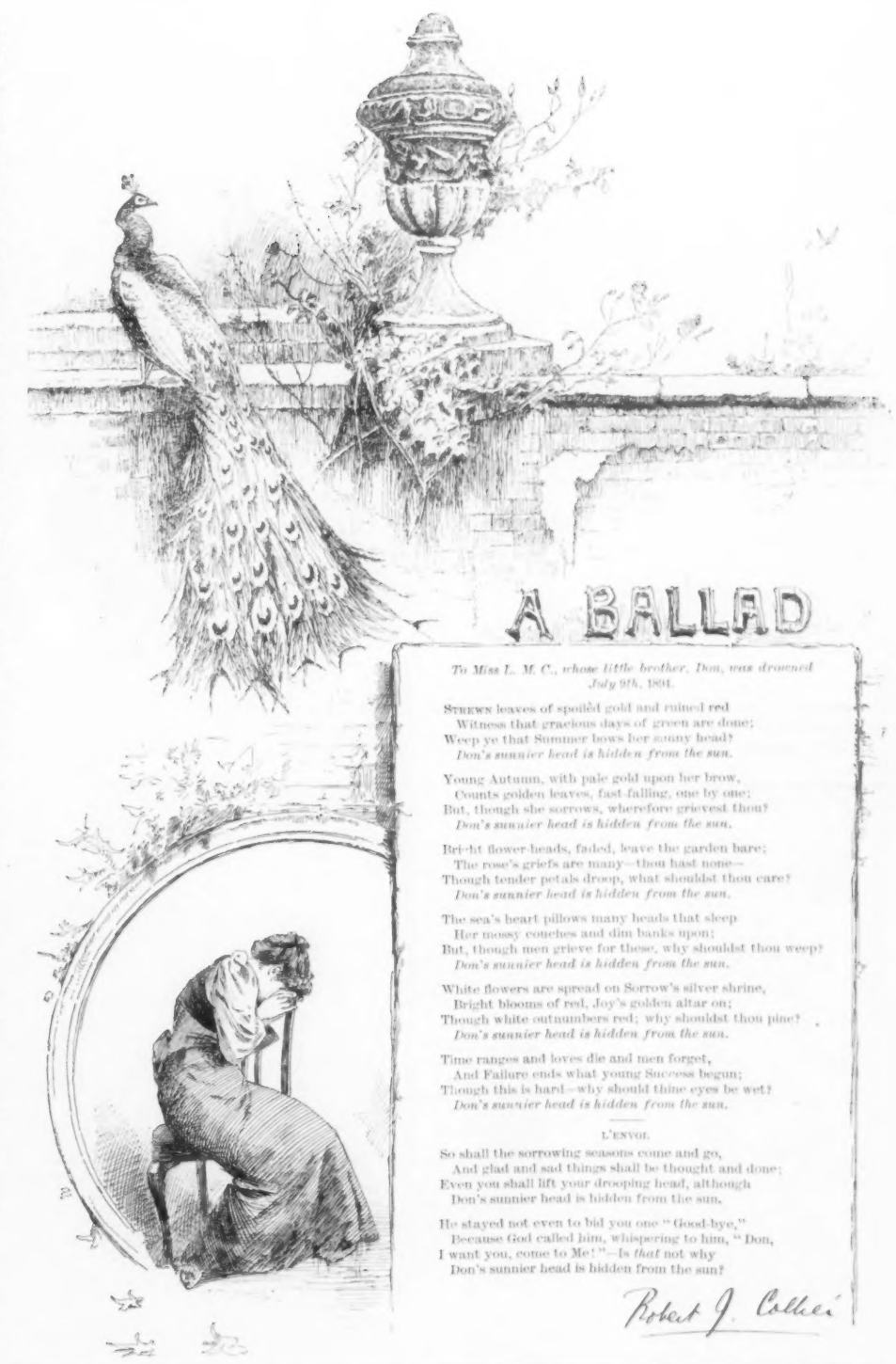
At a signal we were conducted to the courtyard of the "Hong" by the polite host, who had had a temporary theatre constructed there to amuse his guests. These were seated, but the public at large, who saw the play free, stood patiently in the broiling sun. The temporary theatre was made of four strong poles or uprights, serving to hold up a bamboo framework, upon which a ragged sun-matting was spread, through the holes of which dangled a job-lot collection of human legs. But the actors' costumes were perfect dreams of dazzling bullion and silk so thick that they would stand alone. As the play progressed, the dramatic *dénouement* began to excite the Chinese risibilities; but just when the audience had been worked up to a fever heat the head actor suddenly stopped, rolled up his mat and went off to get his lunch, followed by his company, the people all the time patiently waiting the return of the players. On a black silk banner with silver letters stood the name of the play—"The Fall of Kambula." (See page 9.)

LIKE A TETHERED BULL.

NEAR the window by which I write a great bull is tethered by a ring in his nose. Grazing round and round, he has wound his rope about the stake until now he stands a close prisoner, tantalized by rich grass he cannot reach, unable even to toss his head to rid him of the flies that cluster on his shoulders. Now and again he struggles vainly, and then, after pitiful belowlings, relapses into silent misery.

This bull, a very type of massive strength, who, because he has not wit enough to see how he might be free, suffers want in sight of plenty, and is helplessly preyed upon by weaker creatures, seems to me no unfit emblem of the working masses.

In all lands, men whose toil creates abounding wealth are pinched by poverty, and, while advancing civilization opens wider vistas and awakens new desires, are held down to brutish levels by animal needs. Bitterly conscious of injustice, feeling in their inmost souls that they were made for more than so narrow a life, they, too, spasmodically struggle and cry out. But until they trace effect to cause, until they see how they are fettered and how they may be freed, their struggles and outcries are as vain as those of the bull. Nay, they are vainer. I shall go out and drive the bull in the way that will untwist his rope. But who shall drive men into freedom? Till they use the reason



A BALLAD

To Miss L. M. C., whose little brother, Don, was drowned July 9th, 1894.

STREWN leaves of spilt gold and ruined red
Witness that gracious days of green are done;
Weep ye that Summer bows her sunny head?
Don's sunnier head is hidden from the sun.

Young Autumn, with pale gold upon her brow,
Counts golden leaves, fast falling, one by one;
But, though she sorrows, wherefore grievest thou?
Don's sunnier head is hidden from the sun.

Bright flower-heads, faded, leave the garden bare;
The rose's griefs are many—thou hast none—
Though tender petals droop, what shouldst thou care?
Don's sunnier head is hidden from the sun.

The sea's heart pillows many heads that sleep
Her mossy couches and dim banks upon;
But, though men grieve for these, why shouldst thou weep?
Don's sunnier head is hidden from the sun.

White flowers are spread on Sorrow's silver shrine,
Bright blooms of red, Joy's golden altar on;
Though white outnumber red, why shouldst thou pine?
Don's sunnier head is hidden from the sun.

Time ranges and loves die and men forget,
And Failure ends what young Success begun;
Though this is hard—why shouldst thine eyes be wet?
Don's sunnier head is hidden from the sun.

L'ENVOI.

So shall the sorrowing seasons come and go,
And glad and sad things shall be thought and done;
Even you shall lift your drooping head, although
Don's sunnier head is hidden from the sun.

He stayed not even to bid you "Good-bye,"
Because God called him, whispering to him, "Don,
I want you, come to Me!"—Is that not why
Don's sunnier head is hidden from the sun?

Robert J. Collier

with which they have been gifted, nothing can avail. For them there is no special providence.

Under all forms of government the ultimate power lies with the masses. It is not kings nor aristocracies, nor land-owners nor capitalists, that anywhere really enslave the people. It is their own ignorance. Most clear is this where governments rest on universal suffrage. The workmen of the United States may mold to their will legislatures, courts and constitutions. Politicians strive for their favor and political parties bid against one another for their vote. But what avails this? The little finger of aggregated capital must be thicker than the loins of the working masses so long as they do not know how to use their power. And how far from any agreement as to practical reform are even those, who must feel the injustice of existing conditions may be seen in the labor organizations. Though beginning to realize the wastefulness of strikes, and to feel the necessity of acting on general conditions through legislation, these organizations, when they come to formulate political demands, seem unable to unite upon any measures capable of large results. HENRY GEORGE.

GRANT ALLEN AND RIDER HAGGARD.

THE first part of H. Rider Haggard's great novel will be issued in ONCE A WEEK Library to-day. This is Mr. Haggard's latest work, and it undoubtedly ranks among his very best novels. In it he has given full play to his vivid imagination, and the story is sufficiently long to make two numbers in the Library. The second volume will be published on November 3. That is two weeks off, but the strange tale is of such absorbing interest that even the hasty reader will be forced to hold the stirring incidents in mind during the interim of fourteen days.

There is no need to discuss the weird plot of this

novel now, for the first volume is already in the hands of the reader and he can unravel it more pleasurably himself. H. Rider Haggard's hold on the English-speaking public is as strong to-day as when Allan Quatermain's adventures first enthralled the literary world, and it is only through ONCE A WEEK Library that the American public can obtain early access to his books. Every novel from his pen is written for this Library, and the only regret is that he cannot write twice as many as he does.

"Under Sealed Orders," by Grant Allen, will be the next novel of the series. The first volume will be published on November 17; the second and concluding part on December 1. The scene is laid partly in England and partly in Russia—a vast empire of despotism and crime, on which the eyes of the world are turning more and more searchingly. The *dramatis personae* include all ranks. "Under Sealed Orders" brings Russia very near the eyes and very near the heart of the reader.

Tragedian (in restaurant)—"I never struck a worse egg than this."
Comedian—"That may be, old fellow, but worse eggs than that have struck you."

WHENEVER you find a person who loves his neighbor as himself you may know that neither of them is loved to any great extent.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

Call on nearest Ticket Agent for lowest rates via the Nickel Plate Road or address F. J. Moore, General Agent, 23 Exchange street, Buffalo, N. Y. Superb Dining Cars.

EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Oct. 10.

MANY pretty trilles were shown me to-day on the Rue de la Paix. Some evening bodices at Doucet's I thought particularly fetching. The room bloomed like a bed of geraniums, for they nearly all showed some shade or combination of this favorite color. One was a fitted bodice of geranium-pink silk covered with a cut design of black lace. There was a frill of black chiffon about the low-cut neck and the elbow-sleeves of the same were arranged in three large ruffles. The front of the bodice was trimmed with velvet geraniums in their natural shades. Artificial flowers are largely used by the French for trimming evening dresses, and are certainly very effective. Another dainty waist had a loose blouse of geranium-pink velvet covered with soft folds of gold-embroidered tulle. The neck, cut square across in front just above the bust, was very low in the back and finished with a frill of thin black lace; this frill standing up in front and falling over the bodice in the back. There was a crush sash of mauve velvet, and a bunch of violets and geraniums was fastened to the front of the corsage. Another bodice was of accordion-plaited mousseline-de-sole in a pale shade of cornflower blue. The novel feature was the square tab epaulettes of pale salmon-rose velvet edged with brown fur that fell over the shoulders. The full sleeves were looped with a bunch of geraniums and there was a larger bunch fastened loosely on the corsage. A high-necked bodice of quiet tone was shown me, built of cornflower-blue silk with a wide pointed yoke

A BUTTERFLY COSTUME



of point de Venise lace. The points were edged with a wide frill of lace falling to a crush belt of foliage green velvet. On each shoulder seam was a row of tiny butterfly bows of green velvet ribbon.

The new neck boas are made of lace and ribbon and fastened with long lace-trimmed ends. Sometimes two colors or shades of ribbon are used and a very novel arrangement was a large frill of green velvet ribbon edged with Persian lamb combined with ecru lace. A very swaggar jacket shown by Doucet is of tobacco-brown velvet, lined with cream satin. It is tight fitting, sides and back, and reaches half way to the knees. There is a yoke of accordion-plaited cream Liberty silk in the back, which extends down the front in the form of a vest, the velvet turning away in broad fur-trimmed revers. The high crush choker of brown velvet has a row of fur top and bottom. The sleeves are very full to the elbows and are held there by flaring turn-over cuffs of brown velvet lined with cream satin. Below the cuffs are shirt-sleeves of accordion-plaited cream silk which are gathered into fur wristbands.

A handsome gown is of black and white wool in a basket-weave check. About the bottom of the skirt is a band of black caracule or Persian lamb, over white satin. An elaborate design is cut out of the caracule and stitched across with black and gold thread. The soft blouse bodice of red velvet has over it a short bolero jacket, pointed in the back and turning away in front in smart revers

ending in a wide collar. These are faced with the caracule.

A very modish blue serge gown made for a distinguished Southern authoress now in Paris has both waist and skirt laid in box-plaits with a row of heavy ecru insertion between the plaits. There is a crush belt and yoke of red velvet, the yoke being cut into points between the plaits. A dainty evening frock made for the same wearer, who is a celebrated beauty as well, is of a delightful shade of

insertion set between two folds of the velvet. A rich jet ornament composed of long scrolls encircles each armhole. Starting from the under arm seam, a crush sash of black satin defines the waist in the back, fastening in the centre with a huge rosette. The sleeves are of a rich purple and black brocade—the only color in the dress. The vandyked point is very popular, and its effectiveness is shown in a gown of a soft black and green wool. The skirt is trimmed about the hem with points

skirt. The sleeves are of the wool with a mushroom cuff at wrist and elbow, of green velvet lined with light-green silk.

Now that the theatres are open, some charming gowns are seen on the stage. French actresses are the first to adopt and wear the new modes.



The modish combination of tan and gray was shown in a negligé worn lately at the Odeon. The soft tan wool was laid in large box-plaits, which were held in front with large cut steel buttons. The choker was of gray chinchilla fur and square epaulettes of magenta velvet edged with fur fell over the sleeves. In the back, the box-plaits were held by a crush belt of magenta velvet fastened with a soft rosette.

ETHELIN FRIEND.

DESCRIPTION OF CUTS.

THE VISITING GOWN shown is built of pale-tan cloth ornamented round the hem with a design in chestnut-brown cloth, cut out in a series of curves. This appliqué of chestnut brown is edged throughout with a dark-brown silk cord. The bodice is of the dark-brown cloth prettily arranged to show a simulated under-bodice of pale tan. The sleeves are of the pale-tan color, trimmed with wide straps of the dark-brown cloth. A smart PROMENADE COSTUME is of oak-colored foulard, figured with amethyst flowers and traceries. The rosette bows, corselet and sash are in deep amethyst velvet. The hat is in amour straw trimmed with clusters of cock's feathers and loops of ribbon in the two shades. The CHIFFON BLOUSE may be in black or colors. It is made over silk, and it has a yoke and cuffs of vandyked lace. Moire ribbon is arranged to meet the points of the lace and disappear at the waist. Little bows smarten up the collar, waist and sleeves. The beautiful BRAIDED GOWN shown is of heliotrope face-cloth. The bodice is gathered and striped with bands of narrow sable across the chest and at the waist. The skirt is elaborately braided in black and gold, fastened up one side and edged all round with sable. A pleasing novelty not included in the sketches on this page, but worthy of mention, is a waistcoat of ermine. This fur is very thin, and lends itself well to such an arrangement. The effect is strikingly becoming to most women.

THE BUTTERFLY COSTUME shows a new and effective arrangement for the back drapery of a skirt. It is carried out in fancy serge, trimmed with black ribbon and buttons.

THE MOIRE VELVET CAPE, sketched at Stern's, is in a dark maroon shade and is effectively trimmed with gray chinchilla and heavy ecru lace.

A BLUE CREPON GOWN, seen at Simpson, Crawford & Simpson's, illustrates the newest style of skirt fitting close about the hips, but widening considerably toward the hem. It is made on the old circular pattern with the addition of two gores in the back. The vest is of wide black satin ribbon embroidered with iridescent flat beads; the cuffs are of the same material. The bodice is trimmed round with a band of white appliqué, edged with mink-tail fur. In the back, a circular collar, also of lace edged with fur, extends over the sleeves in long narrow tabs. The standing collar, made with two deep turned-over points, is of light rose-color velvet.

of green velvet outlined with jet tracery. Down the centre of each point is a stripe of ribbon of a lighter shade of green covered with jet insertion. The belt is of the lighter green heavily jetted with vandyke



points of jet hanging down over the skirt. The blouse bodice is of the wool, with a green velvet yoke cut into points with radiating rows of jet over the light-green ribbon similar to the trimming on the

rose silk trimmed about the hem of the skirt with gray chinchilla fur. Over the soft waist of rose chiffon is a tiny gold-embroidered jacket of gray velvet edged with a tiny band of the fur.

Some of the fashion writers in the French papers prove very amusing when they attempt to describe the ways of l'Americaine to their readers. For instance, they have a deeply rooted idea that an American woman never by any chance wears linen or cotton lingerie. Tights and under-trousers of silk or wool take the place—or so they allege—of stockings, garters and everything else.

In an account of an afternoon tea given at the "palais" of a distinguished "millionaire," the writer went on to describe the refreshments. "The beverage most in vogue," he declared, "was an effervescent water combined with iced fruit syrups." This picture of Mrs. Astor's or Mrs. Vanderbilt's drawing-room with a soda fountain in full blast at five o'clock is very startling. I might recommend a perusal of these articles to those in search of "something new."

Apropos of American millionaires, Mr. Gould's charming wife has just left Paris with some tasteful examples of the couturière's art. One, which would charmingly suit an afternoon tea, has a skirt of black satin gathered at the back as full as possible in large round plaits. Each seam is outlined with jet, which extends in scrolls on to the waist. The bodice has a short blouse of perforated rose velvet richly embroidered in white and showing the black waist beneath. The huge black sleeves are heavily jetted.

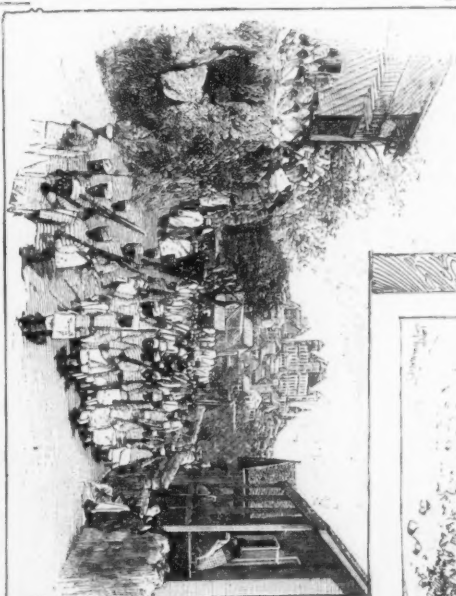
I have seen some striking velvet gowns this season. Nothing is richer or more becoming, or, in the long run, more economical. A black Princess gown has from neck to hem a row of cream guipure



H. M. RANAVALE III. QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR.



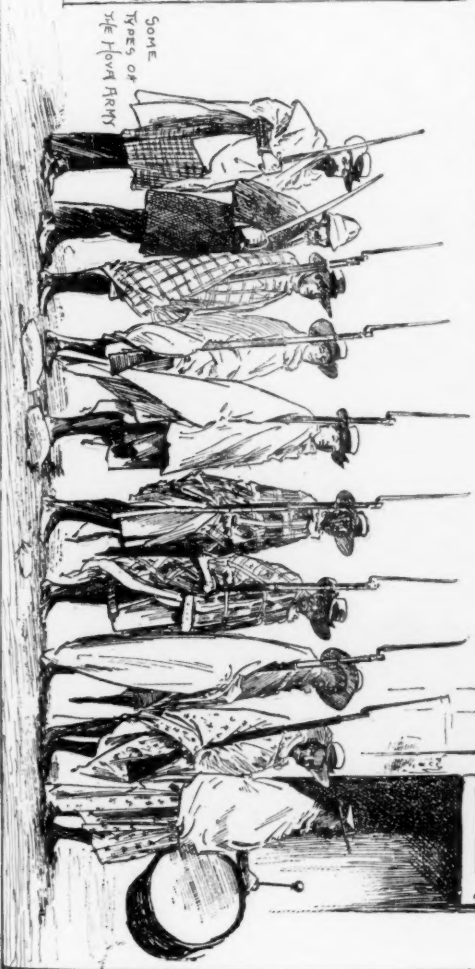
SCENE ON THE WAY TO A REVIEW OF TROOPS



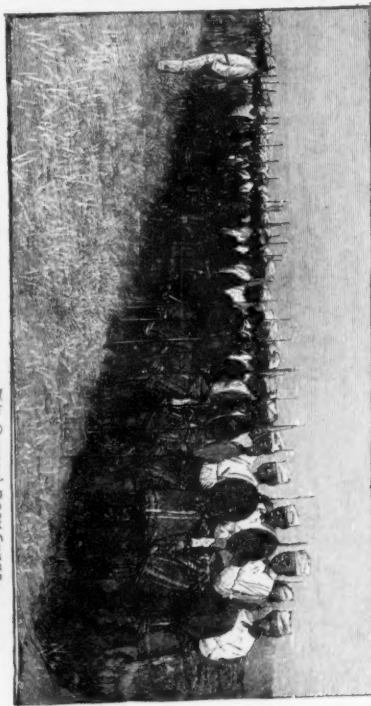
SOLDIERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE GRAND MOGARY (THE QUEEN'S ASSEMBLY)



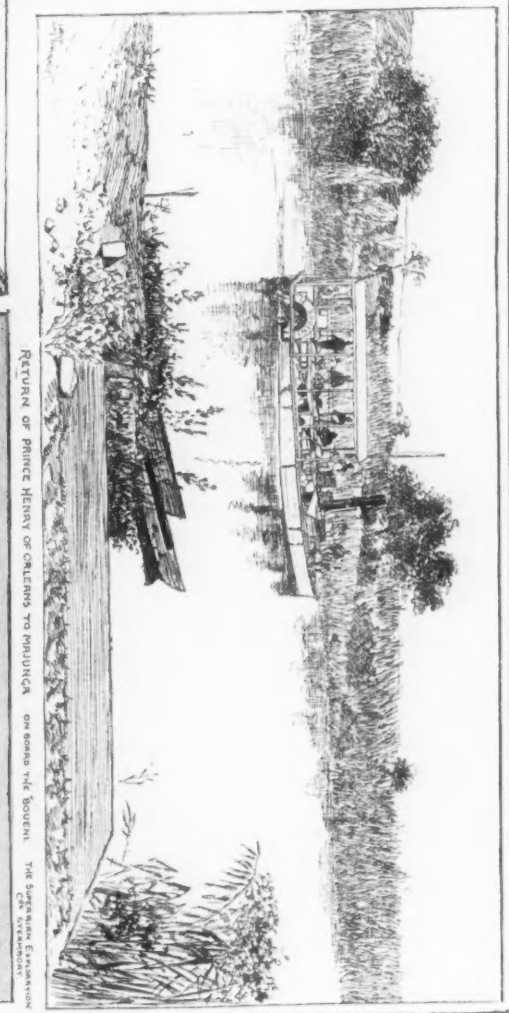
H. HOVANY OFFICER



SOME TYPES OF THE HOVANY ARMY



THE QUEEN'S BODY GUARD



RETURN OF PRINCE HENRY OF ORLEANS TO MAHAJANGA ON BOARD THE BOUENI. THE SUPERIOR ENGINEERING OF THE BOUENI.

SOME TYPES AND PICTURES FROM THE ISLAND OF MADAGASCAR.—(See page 2.)



Our Astrologer

M. G. H., Brooklyn.—You were born with the planets Herschel, Jupiter and Mars rising in the sign Leo, and should become full sized, with light-brown hair and gray eyes; in disposition, free, generous and courageous. You have a good intellectual outfit, able to master any study with ease, and an interesting conversationalist, acute and witty. You have ideas of your own on most subjects, and are not easily led or directed as to your opinions. You are promised success in life above the ordinary, and should never find yourself in need of anything. You would be unsuccessful in speculation. You are fond of dress, a little inclined to be over-generous in the expenditure of your money; physically you should be strong, with a good constitution, seldom ill, and subject only to occasional feverish attacks. You are indicated to marry a man of good stature, and commanding appearance, light hair, something of your own type; a fine, noble, generous character. You would have been likely to marry quite young, and you have every prospect of a happy married life; but you were hardly shown to marry before twenty-four, and it will have probably been sudden. You are peculiar in having no indications of trouble or misfortune for a good many years. Altogether, a very favorable nativity.



D. M., Brooklyn.—You were born with the zodiacal sign Cancer rising, and would be of medium height, brown or dark hair, inclined to become stout. You are ruled by the Moon, and have very good aspects for the acquisition of money, and for general success in your undertakings throughout life. You are, however, inclined to be rash and head-strong, and on that account may stand in your own light. You should have a pleasant, merry disposition, with a fondness for music, society and pleasure in general; probably drink in moderation, and may be fond of play, which will not be favorable for you—though, at times, you would succeed in speculation. But you are particularly in the way to obtain money, or lands from the dead, by legacy or otherwise. You are in danger from accidents, and are specially advised to avoid broils and quarrels. You would do well in any business connected with liquids, or with land; real estate, or agriculture. You would have strong friends among prominent and influential people, and they would be of great service to you. You have probably met with some serious trouble or loss in July or August, 1894. This year is a particularly bad one for you for speculation. But you have a very clear future before you.



C. B., Fritchburgh.—This infant was born with the Sun, Venus and Mercury rising in Cancer, and will be of low stature, inclined to be stout, and with light complexion, easily freckled; probably brown hair, and gray or blue eyes. She

has a most favorable nativity for health and success in life, and should become very well off, and hold a good social position. She will have a tendency to a weak chest, but has no aspects to show that she will not be generally healthy, and have a long life. She is described to marry a man rather below the medium height, pale complexion, dark hair, small gray eyes. He will be rather uncertain in his disposition. She will show very bright intelligence as she grows up; and will be fond of music and of reading; probably she will display musical talent. She will be good tempered, and not difficult to bring up. She is very likely to have some mark or mole on the breast. She will not be successful in traveling, and will be very likely to witness accidents. The important periods for her life will be at 2, 5, 7, 13-14 years of age—when her health will need more care than at other times, and when it will not be desirable to push her in her studies. But, as a rule, she has fewer unfortunate aspects in her Horoscope than most children.



Sallie E. M., Phila.—You were born with the zodiacal sign Virgo rising, and nearly all your planets setting. You are governed by the planet Mercury, and should be rather above the middle height, not very stout, dark complexion, and brown hair. You have a very active nature, are fond of traveling, and will be likely to make long journeys, and to find your fortune abroad. You should be interested in science, art and religion, and would be likely to gain by them; and you would have good friends who would be of advantage to you in your career; yet you are destined to meet with the disappointment of many of your hopes and wishes. You would be almost certain to turn your attention to some intellectual pursuit, in which you would prove successful. You are indicated to marry before you are twenty-six, a man described as of medium height, thick-set, dark complexion, with a firm will, but kind-hearted and sympathetic, generous and sincere; it will be your own fault if you do not have a happy life as a married woman. You ought to have very good health, and are promised a long life. Your nature, though intellectual, is very emotional, and there exists a weak point for you. But your Horoscope certainly threatens nothing serious as against your having a happy life.



H. S., Haverhill.—You were born with the zodiacal sign Capricorn rising, the last degrees of Sagittarius on the cusp of the Ascendant, and are governed by Saturn. You should be of medium height, with brown hair, sanguine complexion, long face and neck; in disposition, proud, argumentative, fond of society, and generally liked by those who know you best. You are very largely governed by Herschel and Neptune—the first influencing your disposition, the second your fortune, and neither to your advantage. You would be subject to moods, and would then appear eccentric to your acquaintances. In the same way, your fortunes would be liable to sudden and unexpected

changes and fluctuations. You are not fortunate in regard to the opposite sex, and would lose by them. You have a birthmark, mole or scar on your shoulders or arms. It is not improbable that you would have better success in some business having connections abroad than in one strictly local and domestic; indeed, you are very likely to profit by long journeys. If you married, it would not be very early, and the lady would be rather tall, large frame, brown hair, gray eyes, sanguine complexion; a good disposition, generous and aspiring. Your evil periods were at 7, 14, 19, 21, 29-30; good ones at 9, 12, 18, 24, 27. You have nothing evil threatening you at present, but the next two years are not promising in a business way; hold on to whatever you have, and risk nothing.

W. M., Newtown.—You were born under the dominion of Mars in Leo, and are of more than medium height, with ruddy complexion, light or red hair, large gray eyes. You are very active and sudden in your movements; and the same in your mental methods and habits. You fly suddenly from one subject to another—while your mind is often engaged in considering something totally foreign to what you may be conversing about. You are ambitious and aspiring, and are certain to achieve a high position in your vocation. You would make a good surgeon or physician, and are quite sure to possess a great deal of money, at one time or another—but are equally sure to spend it as you make it. You will not travel much, except short journeys; but will be a busy man where you live; interested in many different interests. You would not marry early, and your wife is described as of about your own height, but stouter, with dark complexion and hair, amiable and very generous. Your marriage would be only superficially a happy one. Your health will not be much afflicted, but you are subject to accidents, and may meet with severe ones. You had evil periods at 5, 7, 10, 14, 19 and 29 years; your good periods were at 9, 12, 21 and 24 years. The present year is not a good one for you financially, but the next few years will be much better.



R. F. J., Providence.—You are governed by the planet Saturn, having been born in the zodiacal sign Capricorn. You should be of medium height, not stout, brown hair; inclined to be moody and frothy when matters go against you. Having five planets crowded into your "House of Fortune," and with Jupiter in the Ascendant in evil aspect with Saturn in the Mid-Heaven, you would be liable to many reverses of fortune, and many financial troubles. At times you will have marked success—"a run of luck"—only to find yourself presently encountering some grievous and totally unexpected loss. As a matter of fact, you have not a very favorable nativity. All the planets but Saturn and Mars are below the Earth—and it would be much better if they were also there, where they could do less mischief. You will have the satisfaction of knowing that the most of your ill fortune will be undeserved; while your success will be your own achievement. You will do well not to marry, as you would be peculiarly unfortunate in that state. As to employment, you would apparently do best in something in the way of mining, or agriculture, or connected with water; you are not indicated for a profession. You ought to have a good constitution, and would live long—barring accidents, to which you are rather inclined.

"A Subscriber," San Antonio.—You were born with the Moon rising in Gemini, and are governed by the planet Mercury. You are inclined to be tall, well built, with brown hair, pale complexion. Your disposition is agreeable, you are talkative, intelligent, very fond of pleasure, but will learn easily, and will become quite a student. You have every prospect of good success in life, but it

will be through your own exertions. You will not inherit any money, or property that will be of any use to you, and your friends will not be of much assistance to you. It is very likely that you may at some time be in the Government service or hold some political or other high office. As you will be a good speaker, it is not improbable that you will be in public life; and, if you are, it will be with success. Certainly you ought to study with the view of following some intellectual pursuit, as you are not adapted for ordinary business. You have an unusually bright mind, which, as you grow older, will become very intuitive and impressionable. You will be unfortunate with regard to women, and should avoid them as much as possible. If you marry, it will be at the age of 24, or a little later, and your wife will be of medium height, fleshy, with dark complexion, brown hair, and will have a very good disposition; but you will not get on well together, and it will be better for you not to marry. Your life promises to be a long and somewhat eventful one, and you will generally enjoy good health.



B. J. de G., Jr., N. O.—This young man was born with Gemini rising, and is governed by the planet Mercury. He will grow to be of middle height, slim and rather dark, inclined to study, versatile, and with a bright and acute intellect. He will have a tendency toward scientific pursuits; but will be successful also in any business which is attractive to the opposite sex; as he will have taste in connection with music and the fine arts, curiosities, literature, etc. He is certain to lead a very varied life; and, although he may follow one pursuit or vocation in particular, yet he will be connected in one way or another with many interests. He will be inclined to be improvident, and will waste a good deal; but, in the end, he will have been fairly successful. He will be more subject to accidents, falls and bruises than to sickness; and ought to have a long life. He will not be likely to marry young; his wife being described as short, inclined to plumpness, light hair, blue eyes; an amiable disposition, and a creditable and agreeable wife; she will be apt to be somewhat extravagant. In the meantime—his second year will need watching with regard to his health; also his fourth and fifth; after the evil aspects of these years are past, he will get on very nicely.

The greatly increasing interest felt in the art of Astrology has determined ONCE A WEEK to publish hereafter an Astrological Department, under the direction of a skilled astrologer. Any person filling out one of the coupons printed in each issue of ONCE A WEEK and sending it to this office, with one dollar, to pay the necessary expense, will have published a brief Nativity and a Chart of the Heavens at the time of birth. Comply absolutely with the directions; write with ink, and plainly; in giving birth-hour, state if A.M. or P.M. No attention will be paid to coupons not correctly filled. Address "Astrological Department; ONCE A WEEK."

THE TENNIS COURT.

She—"What do you think of Mr. Merlin's playing?"
Rival—"I think he is singularly bad in doubles, and doubly bad in singles."

Pruyn—"Do you find it expensive, this getting married?"
Bond—"Not particularly; but keeping married is."

"A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches." The two together make the best team in the world.

ELEGANT Dining Car Service on the Nickel Plate Road. Lowest rates to all points West. Shortest line to Chicago.

For sick, nervous and neuralgic headache use The sure cure—Bromal-Seltzer.



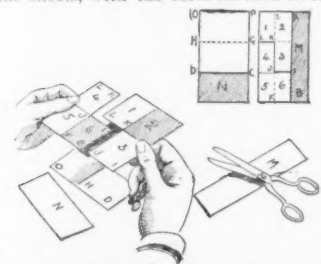
BY "A BLUE APRON."

BROWN BREAD: A NEW ENGLAND RECIPE.—To make one large and two small loaves, mix one pint and a half each of corn and rye meal. Add one cup of molasses and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix with sour milk, or, better still, sour cream, to a consistency of soft dough. Then add one heaping teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in warm water. Butter a covered mold, pour in the mixture, steam four hours.

MAPLE SUGAR CAKE: A NEW ENGLAND RECIPE.—Make an ordinary plain cake, using one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three of flour, four eggs and a cup of milk. Bake in layers, and use the following filling between each two and over the top: Take a cup of maple sugar, boil it until it hairs. Then take the white of one egg, beaten to a stiff froth. Add the maple sugar a little at a time, and beat until cold.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT. A GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

Fold in three equal parts two sheets of paper exactly similar, but in such a way that the folds of the first sheet are parallel to the smallest sides, and the folds of the second parallel to the largest sides of the sheets. The diagrams at the upper right-hand corner of the illustration represent the sheets, with the folds marked in the



first by horizontal, in the second by perpendicular lines. Cut a section from each sheet on the lines DC and AB respectively, which will give you the two pieces N, M, each the third of the original sheets. The remaining pieces are still equal in size, since equals being taken from equals

FITS CURED

(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his Absolute Cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address, Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

MY HUSBAND Can see how you do it. 300 Kenwood Machine for \$25.00. 250 Arlington Machine for \$15.00. Standard Sewers - \$5.00, \$10.00, \$15.00, and 27 other styles. All attachments FREE. We pay freight ship anywhere on 30 days free trial, in any home without asking one cent in advance. Buy from factory. Have agents large profits. Over 100,000 in use. Catalogue and testimonials Free. Write at once. Address in full, CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER DISEASES. We have a home treatment that has cured hundreds. Will send 10 days' free trial, to show you what it will do, for 50c postage. Circulars and references free. NEW METHOD CO., 705, 27 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Low prices. Guaranteed cures.

HOME STUDY. A thorough and practical Business Education in book-keeping, shorthand, etc., given by MAIL at student's home. Low rates. Cat. free. Trial lesson 10c. Write to BRYANT & STRATTON, 46 College Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILL \$1200 MEET YOUR WANTS? If so, you can make \$1200 to \$2000 this year working for us. Ladies can do as well as gentlemen. Address S. L. BELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

CARDS FOR 1895. 50 Sample Styles and List of 60 Premium Articles FREE. HAVERTY & CO., CADIZ, OHIO.

FAT FOLKS reduced, 15 lbs. a month. A safe Her- bal remedy. Miss M. Ainley, Supply, Ark., writes, I lost 45 lbs. and feel splendid. Free Trial Box and particulars (sealed) cents. HALL CO., Box 9, 404 St. Louis, Mo.

the remainders must be equal, but they do not coincide when placed one over the other. In order to make them do so observe the following directions: Fold in three equal parts the remainder of the second sheet from which you have detached the part M, but this time making the folds parallel to the shorter sides. Now cut it through the folds indicated by the letters L, K, J, I. This gives you two new pieces composed of the rectangles 1, 2, 3 and 4, 5, 6. Now take one of these pieces in each hand and join them, as shown in the illustration, in such a way that the rectangles 4, 1, and 2 lie on the same horizontal line, as also the rectangles 5, 6 and 3. The figure thus obtained solves the problem, as it will be found to exactly coincide with the remainder of the first sheet, from which the part N has been cut.

CHESS AND CHECKERS.

SHOWALTER DEFEATED BY ALBIN.

THE FIRST GAME PLAYED AT THE MANHATTAN CHESS CLUB IN THE TEN-GAME MATCH.

THERE was great interest at the Manhattan Chess Club when Ad. Albin faced J. W. Showalter in the first game of their chess match of ten games up. The toss was won by Albin, who opened with a "Ruy Lopez." The game was magnificently played and evenly conducted until thirteen moves had been recorded, when Albin proceeded with an attack, for which he sacrificed a piece, and later on another, in order to force a capture of his opponent's queen. This bold method of procedure secured, after fifty-one moves, victory for Albin. For the game, with interesting notes, we are indebted to Mr. Albin:

FIRST GAME—"RUY LOPEZ."

WHITE. (Albin.)	BLACK. (Showalter.)	WHITE. (Albin.)	BLACK. (Showalter.)
1 P-K 4	P-K 4	12 B-Kt 5	P-B 3
2 K-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	13 P-K 5	Kt-K
3 B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	14 Q-K 2	P-Q 4 (b)
4 B-R 4	B-B 4	15 B-B 2	P-B 3
5 Castles	P-Q 2	16 B-Kt 4 (c)	R-K 2
6 P-B 3	P-Q Kt 4	17 R-K 4	Kt-B 4 (d)
7 B-Kt 3	Kt-B 3	18 P-K 6	Kt-B 6 (e)
8 P-Q 4	P x P	19 Kt x Kt	Q-Q 3
9 P x P	B-Kt 3	20 P-K 7 (f)	R-B 2
10 P-K R 3 (a)	Castles	21 B x P (ch)	K x B
11 Kt-B 3	Kt-K 2		

After Black's twenty-first move—K x B—the position is:

SHOWALTER (BLACK), TWELVE PIECES.



ALBIN (WHITE), FOURTEEN PIECES.

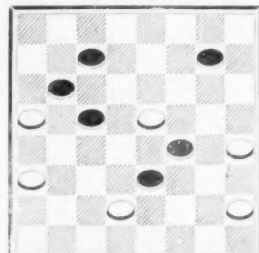
22 Q-R 5 (ch) K-Kt	28 P x P	P x P
23 Kt-Kt 6 R x P	29 Q x P	Kt-Kt 3
24 Q-R 8 (ch) K-B 2	30 Q x P (ch) Kt-Q 4	R-B 2
25 Q-R 5 K-Kt	41 P-Kt 4	K-K 2
26 Q-K 8 (ch) K-B 2	42 P x B	K-Q 3
27 Q-R 5 K-Kt	43 R-K 6	P-Q 5
28 Kt-K 2 B-R 4	44 Q-Kt 6	Kt-B 5
29 K-R Q R x Kt	45 Q x P (ch) Kt-Q 4	
30 Q x R Q-K 3	46 Q-K 5 (ch) K-B 4	
31 Q-B 5 Kt-Q 3	47 R-B (ch) K-R 5	
32 R-Q 3 Kt-B 4	48 Q-K 6 (ch) K x P	
33 Q-R 8 (ch) K-B 2	49 R x P R x R	
34 P-K Kt 4 Kt-K 2	50 Q x R Kt-Kt 3	
35 Kt-K 5 (ch) P x Kt	51 Q-B 3 (ch) Resigns.	
36 R-B 3 (ch) Q-B 3		2 hours, 2 minutes.
37 R x Q (ch) P x R (h)		

NOTES BY ALBIN.

- Now the game has assumed a position of the Giuoco Piano (var. P-Q B 3), but there is the difference here, that Black has a compromised Q P.
- If P x P, Q x P follows with a strong attack.
- If B-B 4, P x B P would have somewhat neutralized White's attack.
- If B-B 4, P x B P follows with good prospects of an attack.
- Here Kt(Kt)-Q 3 would have been much better.
- Instead of the text move, the sacrifice of the Bishop would have been stronger. For instance, 20, B x P ch, K x B; 21 Q-R 5 ch, K-Kt; 22 Kt-Kt 6, B x K P; 23 R x B, Q x Q; 24 Q-R 8 ch, K-B 2; 25 Kt x R and wins.
- Kt-B 4 would lose.
- If K x R, P x P ch follows and win.
- The game is now hopelessly lost, and it is only a question of agony.

PROBLEM BY R. MARR.

BLACK—6, 8, 9, 14, 19, 23.



WHITE—13, 15, 20, 21, 26, 28. White to move and win.

NAPOLEON'S NICKNAMES.

THERE is no statesman or general to whom so many nicknames, and with such peculiar aptness, have been given as to Napoleon Bonaparte. Before he had come prominently upon the scene of action, at the time of the French Revolution, the first name that was given him, and the one that was used all his life, was the name of The Little Corporal. It was bestowed on him after the battle of Lodi by the soldiers under his command on account of his juvenile appearance and remarkable bravery. Heir of the Republic, Armed Soldier of the Democracy, and Man of December were also familiar names. He was called The General Undertaker by the populace of Paris on account of the immense number of public works that he entered upon and did not always complete. Father Violet for his extreme fondness for that flower which grows abundantly in France. Jean d'Epee (John of the Sword) and The Other One were given to Napoleon by his partisans in France who conspired to effect his restoration to power after the allied sovereigns had banished him to Elba. Nightmare of Europe was given as his stupendous successes in military affairs terrified and for a time stunned the nations of Europe. Abbe de Pradt called him Jupiter on account of the mixture in his character of goodness and greatness, with irregularity of imagination and a disposition to artifice which sometimes led, in his Egyptian campaign, to conduct half childish. Man of Destiny was the name conferred upon Napoleon by himself, because he believed that he was the chosen instrument of destiny and that his actions were governed by some occult and supernatural influence.

WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS SAY.

E. CITY, N. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

DEAR SIR—For the few months that I have been reading ONCE A WEEK I can say it ranks with the best I have ever read. I am just glad to see every Monday come, so that I can get it. I have not the knowledge to state how I love it, but I must say as long as I can earn a dollar you shall have a part of it for ONCE A WEEK.—J. C. HOLLOWELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

We have subscribed for your paper for five years, and consider it, with its premiums, the best paper for the money ever received. Accept best wishes for your continued success from,

Yours kindly, I. A. BELTZ,
Waverly, Baltimore, Md.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

I am a late subscriber of ONCE A WEEK and find it splendid. Am quite interested in astrology. I will speak well for your paper, and may get you new subscribers. Respectfully, J. E. HUTCHINS.
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

THE new English publication entitled *St. Paul* says of Thos. Nast:

"Perhaps no man who ever made a string of pictures of the world has ever so affected his audience and moved them to good and noble feelings. He practically invented a new art, and was as much loved and feared as perhaps any great satirist and philanthropic reformer that ever lived. Indeed, it is impossible to find any parallel to his personality and position. The cartoons in *Punch* have always been a power; but their greatest admirer could hardly claim that they had ever dictated a policy or caused a national reform. This, and much more, Mr. Nast has accomplished."

This is great praise for Sir Herbert. Mr. Nast was quite a frequent contributor to ONCE A WEEK before he went to England to join the staff of William Waldorf Astor's several publications in London.

Subs.—"Now that you are living in the country, I suppose you have fresh milk every day."

Dashaway—"We didn't this morning."

Subs.—"Why not?"

Dashaway—"The train from town was two hours late."

Clara—"What are you hanging up Mabel Homerly's picture for?"

Maudie—"She is coming to see me today."



HOW TO SUCCEED.

A well written treatise on personal magnetism with plain, simple rules for development to assure improvement in life, can be had by mentioning this paper and addressing Dr. L. H. Anderson, Masonic Temple, Chicago. This book should be in the hands of every person on earth, as it means the betterment of moral, mental and physical manhood and womanhood.

\$5

EVERY WEEK DAY. We will tell you how to earn \$5 a day if you are willing to engage in light, healthy work. If you can only give the business one hour a day or one day a week it will pay handsomely. THE WEEKLY RECORDER, New York.

KING NO-TOBAC AND HIS WORK IN AMERICA.

The Visit of a Monarch that has brought Health, Vigor and Money to Many Men.

MANY of our readers will doubtless have noticed in the last issue the large announcement of King No-To-Bac. Less than five years ago he was unknown in America and since that time he has been crowned and called King by hundreds of thousands of happy, vigorous men who point to him with pride and hold him dear as the means of their deliverance from tobacco slavery.

Of times tobacco's victims look at the dying spark in the cigar stump, or at the big, masticated "chaw" of tobacco just expectorated, and with nerves nicotineated with nicotine mentally resolve, "Now, that is my last, I will never use it again. I know that it is injuring me physically and financially and my nerves are becoming so irritated that I can't stand the least annoyance any more." What is the result? These good resolutions are generally made while the effect of the use of tobacco practically paralyzes the cravings of millions of irritated nerve centres and just as such as the effects commence to pass away these good resolutions weaken, showing conclusively that the use of tobacco is not a habit but a disease of the nervous system caused by the education of the nerves to crave for the nicotine poisoning. What then is the easy, permanent, natural way to relieve yourself of the use of tobacco? Certainly not by discontinuing it and suffering the nervous reaction and prostrating effects and mental degeneracy sure to follow the long and continued use of tobacco. Does it not suggest itself to you that the natural thing to do is to take a remedy that is specifically prepared to eradicate the effects of the nicotine in the system and to overcome the nerve craving effects and restore the nerves charged nerves to a normal and healthy condition? To this we all say "Yes, where is the remedy?" You will find it in No-To-Bac. This is easily said and we all naturally ask for proof. This is all answered in the simple statement that if No-To-Bac fails to cure, the proprietors, The Sterling Remedy Company, of New York, Montreal and Chicago, have so much faith in their remedy, that they positively guarantee to refund the money, and the concern being owned and operated by some of the most reputable business men of the east and west, is absolutely reliable, and we are glad to say, able in every way to live up to its guarantee.

The sale of No-To-Bac within the past few years has assumed enormous proportions, almost entirely developed upon its merits and the recommendations of the cured. So great is the sale that it is hardly possible to go into any leading drug store without finding it on sale, and the druggist has nothing but words of praise to give it.

MECHANICAL DRAWING

Mechanics, Steam Engineering, Electricity, Architecture, R. R. and Bridge Engineering, Plumbing, Heating, Mining, English Branches.

Send for free Circular, stating subject wish to study or your trade. CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL SCIENCES, SCRANTON, PA.



Mr. Bareboard—"I tell ye a man can just live on this mountain air!"
Mr. Hollerids—"Yes, as I have found out; but I think a little food now and then would help digestion wonderfully."

It's strange Eve didn't ask Adam to dare that apple, since it's on record that she didn't wish the whole of it.

FREE—FREE

A GRAND OFFER.

MME. A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH.

MME. A. RUPPERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of ladies in the United States that would like to try my World-renowned Face Bleach; but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$2.50 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together, \$7.50. In order that all of these may have an opportunity, I will give to every caller, absolutely free during this month, a sample bottle, and in order to supply those living outside of the city, or in any part of the world, I will send it safely packed, plain wrapper, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 25c. silver or stamps."

Address all communications or call on MADAME A. RUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., N. Y.

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in game fish. The South Branch of the Potomac considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrels are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates. For circular showing fishing and gunning resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES

CATARRH

PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS



\$3 A DAY SURE

Send us your address here to make \$3 a day, absolutely, in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, mention the wages you can make. Send for circulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 145 Race St., Cincinnati, O. Be the Only Cure. Beware of Imitators.

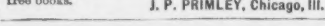
DRUNKENNESS

It is a DISEASE. It can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given without the knowledge of the patient, if desired, in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for circulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 145 Race St., Cincinnati, O. Be the Only Cure. Beware of Imitators.



Cash must accompany order.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.



Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Particulars free.
GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU CO., 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

**CLARK W. BRYAN CO., Publishers,
Springfield, Mass.**

